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The PASSING SHOW

2D

A SAVARAN STORY

- Miles Henslow
- Will Scott
- Gilbert Horsler
- George Josephs

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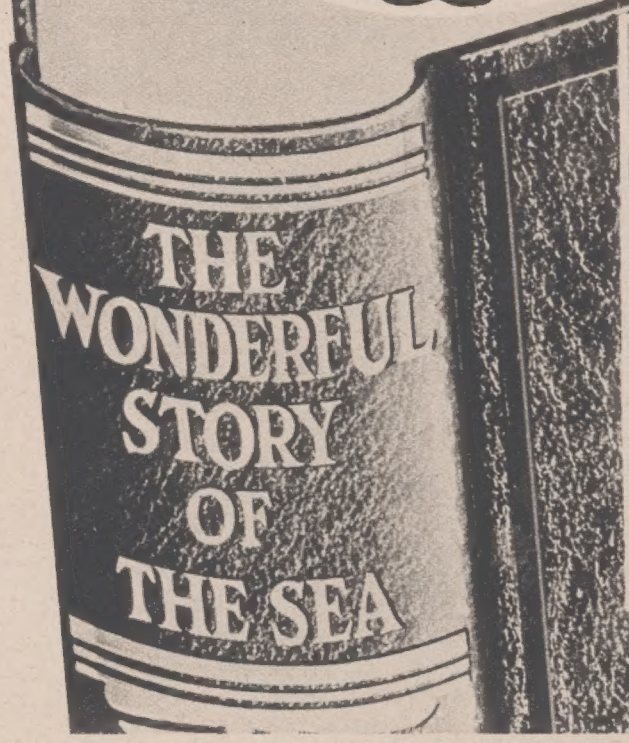

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The PASSING SHOW
No. 231. Vol. 5. AUGUST 22. 1936

They SAIL *through the* AIR...

Acrobatics at fourteen thousand feet—from a contemporary artist's sketchbook.

THE year's most intriguing air race starts next week when competitors go up in their balloons intent on winning the Gordon Bennett Cup. Their destination is unknown; they merely sail at the mercy of the wind until they are forced down. The tragedies and humours of this historic race are described by

MILES HENSLOW

THERE is a light wind blowing across the field: just strong enough to ruffle the gay frocks that spangle the crowds with colour: just sufficient to sway the cluster of strange objects hanging overhead.

A child stands in the shadow of one of these giant footballs. Finger in mouth, wide-eyed and silent with awe, he stares upward. What are his thoughts? Recollections of a half-forgotten nightmare? Chapters of "Gulliver's Travels"? Merely outraged incredulity?

But his wonderment is cut short—or increased—as two ordinary-sized men approach the large wicker basket—and climb in. Other perfectly ordinary people are treating the other strange objects with equal nonchalance. Emboldened, he walks gingerly forward, stretches out a doubtful hand and touches the basket. Yes, it is real!

"Come on, sonny. Stand clear. Or would you like to come too?"

A frightened, "No," is drowned in a wave of cheering. The baskets are moving. Slowly at first, then swiftly and smoothly they rise from the earth, swaying gently on their clusters of cords as they slide silently across the field.

Now they are smaller and more real. Pigmy men lean over the wickerwork, waving back to the cheering and waving people below.

"Good-bye. Good luck!"

"Look at that kiddie now. I bet he'd love to have come really. Hullo, sonny! Like to come up?"

From two hundred feet below comes the shrill and excited reply. The crowd has become a swarm of ants. The field slips by, under the basket, and vanishes behind a belt of trees. Two hundred and fifty feet, three hundred, four hundred.

The rumble and bustle of the earth dies away. It is quiet and peaceful. The wind—just sufficient—sweeps the enormous spheres across the silent countryside. Far below, no larger than a watch-chain mascot, a dog barks furiously.

A balloon race! In these modern times? Yes, balloons will rise from a Warsaw field next week to sail majestically away over fields, forests and rivers to—

Well—to where? That nobody knows, least of all the men who sail—or is it "fly" in them. Provided their ultimate destination is not a tractless waste or a dark, cold and stormy ocean, the bold "aeronauts" will not care very much, for the only hope of each of them is that he may travel farther than the rest of his competitors.

That is the idea behind the Gordon Bennett balloon race—which celebrates its thirtieth birthday next week.

There is something rather pathetic about this annual race. Barely more than a quarter of a century ago the balloon was man's only medium of flight, yet to-day it is a relic of the past, a freak to be stared at with that same wonder that was its lot one hundred and fifty years ago.

This is the third year in succession that Warsaw has seen the start. The Polish aeronaut, Captain Hyneck, captured the trophy from U.S.A. in 1933.

He won it again in the same balloon in 1934, and last year Captain Burzynski secured it finally for Poland in the balloon "Polonia II," covering in all just over one thousand miles in the record time of fifty-seven hours fifty-four minutes.

Thirteen balloons took part in that race. Poland and Germany each entered three, France and Belgium were each represented by two, and Holland Switzerland and U.S.A. had one chance apiece. It was a memorable occasion in more ways than one—and a day that the crew of the winning Polonia II will not forget!

As if the balloonist's lot is not hard enough in normal circumstances, imagine the feelings of Captain Burzynski and his colleague when, shortly before landing, they saw two military aeroplanes dashing towards them with machine guns blazing! Greatly alarmed to say the least of it, they displayed the Polish flag and prepared to jump: whereupon the shooting ceased and the aeroplanes flew away. Later it was announced that the machines—Soviet warplanes—had mistaken the "Polonia" for an observation balloon being used in manœuvres and, fortunately for the occupants, the cartridges were blanks!

Unlike the Schneider Trophy event, the Gordon Bennett Race does not become a thing of the past when a trophy is won outright. The cup, given by the owner of the "New York Herald," was won in 1924, by three successive victories, by Belgium. Mr. Gordon Bennett then gave a second cup which the Americans carried off in 1928. A third cup was also won by the United States in 1932. This cup was presented by Mr. Henry Ford.

Britain is not represented in this year's race and, for the sake of the competitors at any rate, it is hoped that Great Britain will never be the starting place for this unique event! There are better places for finishing a long and arduous journey than the North Pole or, alternatively, Mid-Atlantic. As it is, even with miles of friendly continent on all sides, several balloons have been lost at sea and many more have been found stranded in a host of odd places.

One of the three Polish balloons burst during the 1934 race and deposited its crew of two into a lake in Finland. Captain Hyneck drifted nearly eight hundred and fifty miles into the wilds of Quebec in 1933.

Henry Cavendish, scientist, was responsible for the balloon. He discovered hydrogen in 1766. An ingenious gentleman, by name Tiberius Cavallo, then found that if he filled soap bubbles with this gas, which is thirteen times lighter than air, the delicate spheres soared upwards. Some years later the brothers Robert made a small experimental balloon on the same principle, and over a quarter of a million Frenchmen watched the impossible as it leaped away.

While all these startling developments were taking place, however, even stranger experiments were afoot in another part of France. The brothers Montgolfier were filling paper bags with hot air! Hydrogen *versus* Fire. Those early pioneers were brave indeed! Hydrogen is the most violently explosive of all gases—(remember the destruction of R. 101)—and fire is still the greatest terror of the air.

The Montgolfiers won the honour with fire. They gave a demonstration with a balloon one hundred feet in diameter in 1782. It was made of linen and lined with paper. The fire, which they lit beneath it, heated the air and carried their weird invention more than a mile into the sky. The same year they placed a sheep, a duck and a rooster in a basket hung from the balloon—all of which made a safe landing—and Pilatre de Rosier achieved in 1783 the distinction of being the first man ever to fly.

This came about because the Montgolfiers intended, as before, to fill the basket with livestock, but King Louis XVI had other ideas: he decreed that a condemned convict should do the job instead. And, had not de Rosier pleaded with the monarch to allow him to take his place, the name of a criminal under sentence of death would have gone down in history as that of the first man to have conquered the air. De Rosier's epic flight, it is recorded, took him ninety feet into the air!

Hydrogen ran hot air a close second in the same year, when a distinguished French chemist, Professor Charles, and one of the brothers Robert,

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING *They Sail Through the Air . . .*

made their first ascent. The following year, 1784, started with a swing and was the beginning of real ballooning. The Montgolfiers made an enormous hot air balloon which carried seven people, and the Roberts travelled about one hundred and fifty miles in a hydrogen balloon of an entirely new shape.

Terrific enthusiasm was aroused and the efforts of the pioneers were copied and improved on by eager men all over the continent. A balloon became the greatest attraction of the day and tremendous crowds were satisfied by even the shortest and most elementary "hops." James Tytler experimented not too successfully in Edinburgh with hot air, and in London an Italian, Vincenzo Lunardi, sought fame with hydrogen.

Hydrogen won this time. Setting off from Chelsea, Lunardi landed at Ware, in Hertfordshire in two and a half hours. That was in 1784.

And then de Rosier made the fatal mistake in 1785 of trying to *combine* fire and hydrogen! With money granted him by the French Government he built a large hydrogen balloon—and incorporated the Montgolfiers' hot air idea. It was his intention to cross the channel, but both he and his companion were found dead by the wreckage of their machine.

De Rosier's accident was by no means unique. Crashes, fire and sudden death went hand in hand with ballooning, but nothing could check the new form of adventure. It was something about which no one knew anything and, therefore something that fired the imagination of experimenter, public, and business man alike.

In his ignorance the experimenter tried everything. He fitted his balloon with sails and windmill-like arms. He even tried oars—hoping to row his craft in the upper air as he would a dinghy!

By the beginning of the nineteenth century the balloon as we know it—or rather as our grandfathers knew it—was an accomplished thing, and height and distance records were the order of the day. Coxwell and Glaisher set up—quite unintentionally—an altitude record in 1862 that remained unbeaten until Professor Piccard sailed into the stratosphere in 1931.

How they survived at all is a mystery, for nowadays it is considered unwise to venture above twenty thousand feet without oxygen apparatus. Coxwell and Glaisher were still making notes at a considerably greater height than that. They lost consciousness at twenty-nine thousand feet, and it is said that their balloon touched thirty-seven thousand feet before descending!

Now we can say with safety that the age of the balloon has past. As a means of transport it was a dead end. Its star began to wane on the day the first heavier-than-air craft made its appearance. Even the airship, its direct descendant, has yet to prove itself a practical proposition.

Captive balloons have, of course, proved extremely valuable in wartime, and as long ago as 1794 an establishment for training balloonists was formed in France. And there are still a few—a very scattered few—enjoying the thrills of "ballooning" for the fun of it, and they will tell you with all sincerity that there is nothing in the world quite like it.

Weighing these undoubted thrills against the risks and expense entailed, it is not surprising that the "sport" has never caught on. To begin with, a good, all-round balloon of say fifty thousand cubic feet capacity—big enough to carry three or four people—will cost you about £600 to £700. Next, the cost of filling must be considered.

Hydrogen is no longer used for ordinary ballooning. Coal gas, though not so light, is considered quite good enough, and it is, of course, far cheaper. Even so, with gas at its present price of a therm, a balloon costs about £9 3s. 4d. to inflate!

Unlike the toy balloon, the real-life affair is not blown up and tied at the neck. If it were, the decreased atmospheric pressure of even a few hundred feet altitude would be sufficient to cause a burst—with results that need not be described. The rubber-cloth envelope is encircled by a net which trails off to the cords holding the basket. The neck at the bottom remains—OPEN.

When the aeronaut casts-off, the balloon rises and, as the pressure of the outside air decreases, so does the gas escape from the neck. Finally, after the "ceiling" has been reached, the descent begins and ballast (sand) is jettisoned to maintain height—*but not too much!* Otherwise the end of a journey may be a hearty and possibly fatal bump.

Distance being everything in a race, the eventual need is to keep the balloon off the ground as long as possible; and it is then that everything goes by the board. There are two cords on a balloon. One operates a release valve for a gradual descent. The other—a red one—rips a temporary panel from the fabric to release all the gas when the balloon has landed. It is advisable to remember which one to pull—and when!

Nowadays an order for a passenger-carrying balloon is rare, but there is still quite a demand for other types: such as balloons for advertising and meteorological purposes.

Balloons are used for several jobs at Kew Observatory. For instance, with the aid of a stop watch and a balloon that will ascend at a given speed it is possible to ascertain the height of clouds. Still other types of balloons, with parachutes attached, are released and automatically obtain samples of the upper air, or record electrical conditions in thunderclouds. The parachutes bring them safely to earth with their burdens, after the fabric has burst, and a finder is rewarded for returning them.

Some of these balloons reach colossal heights. Ten miles is a mere nothing, for a balloon released recently from Siberia, carrying a radio set, reached the almost incredible altitude of twenty-six and a quarter miles! Many of these automatic observation balloons are never found. The upper air currents may catch them up and hurl them miles out to sea before they burst.

The last chapter of one of the most tragic journeys in the history of aeronautics was completed after thirty-three years, only a month before Professor Piccard made his first attempt to pierce the stratosphere.

Salomon Andrée and his two companions set out from Spitsbergen to explore the Arctic in 1897. A pigeon and two buoys were picked up, bearing messages, but after that there was no more news of the gallant expedition until August 1930, when the bodies of the three men, with their diaries, were found on White Island in Franz Josef Land.

Even when Professor Piccard startled the world by announcing his intention of reaching the stratosphere by balloon, his project was not associated in the public mind with the era of the balloon. This was something new. The balloon he proposed to use was a highly scientific invention! And in truth it was, inasmuch as the envelope, at the start, was enormous and only partially inflated—to allow for expansion, and the "basket" an hermetically sealed aluminium globe.

That first attempt was a complete failure. Having said good-bye to his friends and relations, the professor closed the port and waited—and nothing happened. The balloon was too heavy to rise. The second attempt in the following year was a complete triumph, Piccard and his companion, Dr. Kipfer reaching a height of fifty-two thousand five hundred feet.

"Intense cold and a sky ranging from lightest to darkest blue," were their impressions. They landed on a glacier after a flight of eighteen hours, during which time they had been given up as lost.

Attempts upon the stratosphere and all its mysteries will, without doubt, attract many more brave aeronauts to risk their lives in the cause of science. Bigger and bigger balloons will be built, and men will climb higher and higher into the unknown. But the day of the balloon is past.

At the start of the Gordon Bennett Race next week, many children and as many "grown ups" will stare in amazement at the huge spheres with their frail wicker baskets. They will be seeing something that not one person in a million will ever see again—a relic of a past age.

Perhaps some PASSING SHOW reader will be awakened in the small hours by a banging at the door and an inquiring foreign voice? Who knows? The record of one thousand three hundred and sixty-one miles set up in 1913 has still to be beaten. Who knows? Certainly not the man in the balloon!

The start of the Gordon Bennett Balloon Race.

• Another SAVARAN Story *by* DOUGLAS NEWTON

● "The Hill of Dread," the headman muttered. "This is an evil place . . ."

Song of the Siren

EVEN FOSS, prepared for something like this, halted with a cry at the jungle edge. Even Savaran, for whom Africa had few surprises, stared startled. For their part, the handful of *askaris* of the caravan huddled together frankly scared.

Astonishing sight enough! To come upon a fore-and-aft schooner sailing apparently through the grass of a green field would be a surprising freak anywhere. To come upon such a sight upon emerging from the hot glooms of the African bush hundreds of miles from any civilisation, hundreds of leagues from an ocean, was—well, as Foss put it: "Gosh. It gives me the spookies!"

There it sat as though tied up snug to some New England string piece, a natty craft, sails neatly furled, and, from this distance, every spar and running line in good order: "As though just about to sail off on a deep sea voyage amid the shades," Foss said in a voice thick with awe.

And all about her, making her very presence uncanny, was that clean sweep of green grass, and about the grass was the sentinel circle of the massive and brooding African jungle thick as a wall, save just beyond the schooner. There an abrupt and lonely hill reared jagged, steep and dark against the brassy sky—a rough and savage hill well fitted to move dark African minds to fear.

"The Hill of Dread," the headman of *askari* muttered, teeth chattering. "This is an evil place, O Lion. See on the trees the ju-ju taboo."

Savaran saw on trees all round the clearing those signs, frightful and obscene, which warn black men that they are on ground made holy by the presence of the wickedest breed of demons; also that death accompanied by all the artistic refinements of African torture waited on any trespass.

"Got to make things snappy," said Foss anxiously. "These local Leppa-Leps have nasty habits. Come on, Savaran."

He began to stride quickly across the sun-blazing grass, but at the tenth step halted with a cry that was edged with fear.

A thin, clear voice as penetrating as fine steel had abruptly cut through the thick and malignant stillness of that bated place. A voice chanting from nowhere; keen, unseen and uncanny. It rose and fell to a measured beat. It seemed to be striking straight at them so that only the fierce eyes of Savaran held the huddled *askari* from flinging away their arms and bolting.

Then, quite as abruptly as it had begun, it shut off.

The stark silence of the place seemed more fearful when it stopped, the very sunlight seemed black with demon threats, and they became shiveringly aware that no living thing, beast or bird, stirred about this baleful clearing.

Foss, loose at the knees, mopping his face, glared at the schooner they had come so far and through such dangers and difficulties to find.

"Damn Africa," he snarled. "You never know what hell's mixture it'll serve up to you next."

"Could you place that voice?" asked Savaran, fierce eyes frowning.

"Do I hobnob with devils?" growled Foss. "No negro throat ever loosed a sound like that or knew a song like that."

"Yet," muttered the lean adventurer. "Where have I heard it before?"

"In your nursery, maybe," snarled Foss, his eyes on the dark, Lucifer face. "Don't the blacks say you are the son of Satan himself?"

"I wonder!" the strong white teeth in the gipsy face flashed their startling smile. "And since I am Satan's son and darling of demons, this place is home from home for me. Come on."

"Oh, I'm with you," said Foss, but with an effort. "That's Parton's ship, a white man's ship, and I'm a white man—but we'll have to kick these Kan-ur boys across to it."

"No need," grinned the spider-spare man. "When Savaran says the word his men would storm the very clinkers of hell."

The *askari* came. They did not want to, for a dread more terrorising than death was in their hearts, yet under Savaran's fierce eyes they did as most black men did, cringed and obeyed.

As they crossed the strange, still green paddock towards the schooner, Savaran, master of tongues as of most things, asked the *askari* headman: "Whence came that singing?"

"From the Hill of Dread, O Tamer of Kings," shuddered the negro. "It is the god house of the Leppa-Lep, a place where no human feet may tread save, in season, Mbam'ala, the ju-ju man, his priests, the vestal women and——" the eyes rolled fearfully in the lamp-black face—"the victims of the sacrificial stake. There be terrible demons in that hill, O Zavarini, and my belly is sick at the thought of them."

"There is, also, someone who sings a song I seem to have heard—and I think it is a woman," said the eagle-faced man, and his eyes gleamed; for woman as much as war was a force that stirred him to his most sublime extravagances.

Foss, ahead, shouted back in his relief at finding one material explanation among the mysteries of this fear-crawling place.

The weird presence of a deep-sea schooner in the middle of a field was a simple enough affair after all. An arm of water, so thick with tropic scum that at first it had been difficult to distinguish it from the grass, wound out of the jungle from round the base of the Hill of Dread.

"A swamp channel," Foss said. "All this country's cut up with 'em. It probably leads down to the Lilekemba River, and that, as you know, falls into the Rovuma . . . and we know that Parton was dodging the Germans thereabouts when he vanished in 1914."

He peered across the scummy channel at the schooner.

"And by the living Mike, he dodged 'em good—look at the deck, Savaran! Piled up! The ivory's still aboard." He flung his arms up in a tremendous gesture of triumph. "We've done it, Savaran," he shouted. "There's our fortune waiting for us. My life in Paris and Monte Carlo, your Empire of Middle Africa. Ours but for the porterage. We've won!"

He stopped. The spider-lean man was standing stiff, his fierce face listening with that ferociously genial smile that was a sign of danger in the air. And Foss listened too with a blanching face.

From beyond the Hill of Dread came the faint mutter-mutter of drums, bush drums calling through Africa the alarm.

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING Song *of the* Siren

"The Leppa-Lep are broadcasting our arrival," grinned Savaran.

In forty minutes the little force was in command of the empty vessel, their one machine gun set up behind a breastwork on the high deck house, the box of Mills grenades placed handy, half the *askari* lined along the bulwarks ready for anything, and the other half already cleaning quarters and cooking food. That was Savaran the soldier at work. It was safety first before gloating for him.

Besides, Foss was doing the gloating.

The lean adventurer found him in the captain's cabin, a chamber still strangely ship-shape and tidy despite the work of tropic insects. Foss was at the desk reading ship's papers and whooping for joy.

"It's Parton's schooner all right," he shouted. "All the papers are clear. They were in the safe there, bug-proof. The key was in the lock, but they hadn't been disturbed—queer that. Nothing, in fact, has been touched, nothing looted—it's darn queer, eh?"

"The devils of the Hill of Dread are good protectors," Savaran grinned, taking a stand by a porthole from which he could watch the shore. "What have you found?"

"Everything!" cried Foss, overlooking devils in his triumph. "The ship's chock full of ivory as that old Hzramut pedlar told me.

"From the piles on deck it's all here, too—queer again, but that don't matter. Parton himself lists seven thousand tusks. All first-chop Aj ivory too, my son. None of your Ruba Aj or Nuss Aj stuff, prime fifty dollar ivory every tusk, and seven thousand tusks, my boy. . . . It's a killing!"

"It doesn't appear to be the only one," said the lean adventurer with his grim smile. "What became of Parton?"

"Oh, Parton," grunted Foss, as though humanity scarcely mattered before such a vision of wealth. "I haven't got that yet. I checked up on the ivory first. But as far as I can see——" He flicked back pages of what was obviously a diary. "He's been collecting ivory for years, and, as that old Hzramut whispered to me back in Dar es Salaam, he seems to have found a small elephant graveyard, too. . . . Having cached his stuff he went to the coast for this schooner. Had to transport it this way, it seems, because it was Autumn '14 and the War had begun. He didn't dare risk a caravan with the Germans on the move and the tribes up, you see. . . . Seems, too, he got to the Rovuma at a bad time. The German patrols were all over the place and he was shot at several times. In fact only his auxiliary engine saved him from capture once. . . . It got so hot that he decided to dodge into little known rivers and lay low until the going was better. . . . There are days and days of log bearings here you can look at if you like . . . but I guess we can see pretty plain how they got here."

"They?" was all Savaran's comment.

"Oh," said Foss uncomfortably. "Parton had his family with him. They ran the schooner with three black boys."

"What sort of family?" asked Savaran, his eyes narrowed fiercely on the Hill of Dread.

"Oh," muttered Foss. "There was his wife, an' two sons, youngsters from the sound o' things, and what he calls the baby—a girl, I guess; he writes of her as Tess, Tessy or Therese. . . ." The thick and wicked stillness of the place seemed to settle down on them with so tangible a weight of horror as he spoke that Foss ended in a husky whisper: "I guess they're all dead."

"And hopes it—knowing the Leppa-Lep," said Savaran softly. "Does that diary give any hints?"

You could hear Foss turning the pages in that dread silence, then he said in a tight, edgy voice: "Yes . . . here's the last passage but one . . .

"A woman is singing again on the Hill of Dread.
It means blood sacrifice . . . God save us all.
Mary, Mother of God, protect me and mine . . ."

He stopped, shuddering. Savaran said in a voice with a new, hard decision in it: "What's the last passage?"

"They'd come for them," said Foss hoarsely. "Listen:

'Jargon the king, Mbam'ala the witch doctor and his devils are on the bank beside the schooner. It is the end. God have mercy on our souls.'"

"Jargon, the king, Mbam'ala and his devils," said Savaran quietly. "All—here!"

"What's that?" cried Foss.

"Look!" said the lean man.

Foss looked through the porthole and cried out again.

Lined up on the bank beside the schooner were more than a hundred tall, thin, repulsively ugly and fearsomely silent black men. In the centre sat a squat and evil grey-pate on a high, gold and ebony stool of state—Jargon, King of the Leppa-Lep. At his elbow was a thing all dangling bones, snake skulls, amulets and painted face, who nursed in the crook of his steel-wire arm the great half-moon blade of a sacrificial knife—and that was Mbam'ala, the ju-ju man, whose name was terror and whose power of life and death was greater than any king's. And behind him was a demon-masked rank of satellite priests.

"Bluff him, Savaran," cried Foss, crouching in cover as the limby adventurer stood straddled and foursquare on the top of the deck-house, listening to the sly and ominous inquiries of Jargon, the king, as to why white strangers had ventured not only into his country, but on to the most sacred ground of his tribe. "Bluff him. Tell him we've a right to come here and collect this ivory. The Portuguese never venture near the brute so he'll know nothing about the law of it."

"Savaran is quite as good a liar as any slippery trader," the fierce man mocked. "Also kings are his side-line." He leant comfortably on the deck-house rail. "O king," he said genially, "big words do not disturb me, for I am Savaran before whom rulers and tribes habitually wither."

Jargon, the king, shifted uneasily on the throne that looked rather like a clumsy edition of a quick-lunch counter stool. Even he, remote and terrible over his kind, had heard whispers of this bizarre war maker and his genius. Mbam'ala also shuffled uneasily, but for other reasons. He, too, had heard of Savaran and considered he should be promptly "chopped" before he could start a religious reformation among the Leppa-Lep. He cuddled his moon-blade lovingly as he whispered to the king.

Jargon listened and scowled: easy for priests to talk, they had no earthly crowns to lose. Nevertheless, he snarled:

"This is a bad thing you have done, O Zavarini. This wind-canoe which you desecrate with your unpurified feet is set apart for the great and angry spirit of the Hill of Dread. Blood and death must appease his wrath else I and my people die. Thus said the demon through Mbam'ala his mouth."

"I also have a demon," grinned Savaran. "He is the power by which white men smite. And thus he saith through the mouth of Savaran his sword: the wind-canoe belonged to a white man and to white men it must be restored and all that is in it, else there shall be woe on the Leppa-Lep and their king shall have no throne. And my demon also asks: What have you done with the white men of this wind-canoe, Jargon the king?"

Jargon shifted still more uneasily. Remote he lived, yet he had heard of punitive expeditions and the vengeance of white men for white men killed.

"They died," he said sullenly.

"All?" Savaran's voice was a sword edge. "The woman and the sons as well—and the little Missy?"

"All dead," the king continued. "They broke the taboo and the spirit of the Hill claimed them." The ju-ju man spoke again and the royal and wicked face brightened. "That is the law. And it is also the law that all that belongs to strangers who die thus goes to the demon of the Hill."

"These are not our laws," said Savaran, serenely ignoring the fact that he was there to loot that ivory. "With us no black man, king, priest—or demon, may take from whites what belongs to whites. And thou knowest well, O Jargon, that many strong kings have gone down in the dust and their tribes have been eaten up for disobeying that law."

● Her wrists were tied above her head, her body free for the work of the moon-bladed knife.

But Jargon was already snapping orders. His bodyguard leapt about him, screening him with their great oryx shields. At the same moment thirty picked braves advanced on the schooner in mass, shield locked to shield in a wall.

Savaran did not seem excited. With his elbows unmoving on the rail, his eagle grin unabashed, he cried grimly:

"O men of Leppa-Lep, why be so eager for death and everlasting damnation?"

The phalanx hesitated before that sardonic unconcern, and Savaran said quietly to the hidden Foss: "Ready with that Mills bomb." Mbam'ala shouted and two of his devil-masked priests sprang to lead the braves. Mbam'ala shouted again: "On, men of the Leppa-Lep, no arrow, spear, or white man bullet can kill you now—on and kill!"

"Savaran slays not with bullets but with the thunderbolts of heaven," cried the lean man, still not stirring, and, as the braves made a compact forward rush: "Let 'em have it, Foss."

Foss, whatever else he was, had been a bombing sergeant in the War. He held the grenade to the exact second before lobbing it quick and true into the pack of warriors. It exploded amid the very thickest of their bodies and about waist high, and its effect was terrible.

When the smoke, confusion and the dust made by the stampeding feet of half his remaining forces had cleared, Jargon, the king, looked at the shambles which had once been his storm troops and then at Savaran, who still leant savagely sardonic and unmoved on the rail.

He was very much afraid, Jargon. A Mills bomb was a new death palaver to him. He could not

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understand it and, since Savaran had plainly not moved a hand, he was ready to give full credit for the slaughter to white men's magic. Also his peace ideals were strengthened by the fact that, by sheer luck, the priests who were to make his warriors invulnerable were among the slain. Mbam'ala's demon was not such an all-powerful gentleman after all.

"Thou hast shown thy might and the might of thy demon, O Zavarini," he muttered. "Take what belongs to white men and go in peace."

When Savaran came back from sounding the channel—two of the schooner's boats were reasonably water-tight—Foss met him heady with joyful greed.

"It's all here," he cried. "Every tusk of Parton's seven thousand is aboard and I never saw such prime ivory. Fifty dollars will be the minimum. You and I have our hands on big money at last, old campaigner. Gosh, it's dreams come true, your Empire, my villa on the Riviera—all ours for the taking."

"And the getting away," said Savaran grimly. "You have had time to find out whether the schooner will float, I hope."

"She'll float—or just about; her bottom's still sound enough. She'll carry us and the ivory to where we can cash in, if you can get us to clear water—can you?"

"It'll take work," said the lean adventurer. "There are shallow patches to be passed but the mud's mere swamp slime. The auxiliary engine's no good, I take it?"

"No good, and no petrol," said Foss. "But I can make the capstan work and I've found a good wire cable in the chain-locker. If we get that ahead to the trees we can man-haul her, eh? It shouldn't take long."

"No," said Savaran, "not more than a week."

"A week!" Foss shivered and his scared eyes glanced at the sinister hill behind which the Leppa-Lep king-town stood. "A week, that's a darn long time."

"May be it'll be longer," grinned Savaran. "It'll take us that to get to the broader channel beyond the jungle; after that it will depend how free the river is behind the Hill of Dread."

"These devils have got my nerves all jangled," shuddered Foss. "I feel like getting out to-night."

"You could—in those boats," the lean man jeered, "but you wouldn't be able to take a stick of ivory with you."

"And, by God, we're not going to lose that," cried Foss. "Not now. Not for any Leppa-Lep ju-ju man. Can we stand them off for a week?"

"We ought to," frowned Savaran. "Mbam'ala is the danger, but he's lost 'face' and it'll take him time to get his power over the tribe back. Before he does and can raise those black devils against us we should be clear—that is, if the river beyond the Hill is easy."

"We ought to find out about that at once," cried Foss.

"Are you volunteering?" the lean man mocked.

"Me!" Foss went green. "I'd—I'd only make a mess of it. You've got a genius for these things, Savaran."

"I thought I might have—and for other things," jeered the eagle-faced man. "I'll go to-night. And I want to find out why that song seemed familiar, anyhow."

"The song we heard from the Hill of Dread?" cried Foss abruptly anxious. "The song the woman sang?"

"Sex does add to the attraction, Savaran being Savaran," grinned the other.

"But—holy hell!" Foss almost shouted. "You just can't go monkeying with dynamite like that, man! That hill's triple-distilled sacred; if you break that taboo there'll be no holding them then. . . . And these ju-ju women—they're sort of Vestal Virgins. They're as strict as death about them. Why, even for one of their own men as much as to look on them is death . . ."

"Gives them the double allure of mystery and terror, doesn't it?" said Savaran.

"For heaven's sake drop it," cried Foss. "It's smash, man. Not even our Mills bombs will stop them if you stir up a religious war like that. They'll go after our blood blind, bald-headed and raving and—and there are three hundred thousand dollars of easy money to share, Savaran. All that you aim for, all that you've dreamed, is in your hands at last. Don't chuck it all away for a fancy."

"There is, of course—that," said the lean man with his ironic frown. "And yet—there's something that calls to Savaran in that song and the woman who sang it."

Savaran worked his boat through the jungle and right round the Hill of Dread that night. In the heat-stagnant darkness, full it seemed of a crawling evil, he crept by the sprawled and smelly king-town of the Leppa-Lep unobserved. There was, in fact, no one to watch him. The tom-toms were throbbing from the base of the Hill of Dread and, in the blood-red flames of fires, he saw massed black men watching a grotesque and terrible figure mowing and jerking and screeching before them. Mbam'ala was already hard at work trying to recreate that religious fervour for murder which Savaran's Mills bomb had so badly blunted.

Savaran, laughing his savage, soundless laugh, slipped by and found his best hopes realised. Beyond the Hill and the town the swamp backwater joined a considerable stream that flowed free, deep and with a steady three-knot current towards some mightier African river. Let them but warp and pole the schooner into that stream and it would carry them to safety with no more effort on their part than steering.

In a week they should be away and safe with their riches and dreams secure. Savaran saw the best chance of his life all but fulfilled. He was returning exultant, already planning how, with the aid of the Mattabarri, a poverty-rowelled but warlike people, he might make a good beginning in empires, when he heard the singing again.

Clear and near under a shoulder of the Hill of Dread that hid her from Mbam'ala's ju-ju palaver, the girl was singing again. Clear and eerie and profound that silver voice that never came from a negro throat floated across the night water.

"Make stroke! Make stroke!" the *askari* headman yelped in panic. "Pull dogs—devils be out to-night."

But Savaran cried fierce and soft.

"Pull in close to the singer. Quiet, dogs. Put me ashore . . . and haul off to the far bank until I signal for you to take me off again."

He landed. He was sure the singer must have watched him, yet felt she had not run. His bush cunning, his courage, his discipline were never held tighter in hand, for he knew that he was on taboo ground and that a spear from the night might spit him any moment. Yet, when he had watched the boat away, he deliberately began to sing, too.

He sang softly, using the tune the singer had used, only his words were true words, where hers had been meaningless sounds.

Ave maris stella,
Dei Mater alma. . . .

he sang, and then even he lost himself in a jumble of sounds. He, too, had forgotten what followed, for he, too, had not sung those words since childhood.

He stopped singing. There was a white, slim glimmer in the bush ahead of him, a frightened voice crying in Leppa-Lep:

"White Lion! White man! Don't kill—I am white!" Then the voice broke and said in faltering English the only words she knew to prove her blood: "Good night, Dads! God Bless you!"

And Savaran was at her side, holding her tight, something thick in his throat as he muttered: "You poor kid. You poor darn kid. . . . Hold up. Everything will be right now. Savaran is here!"

Parton's daughter. The baby, the Tess of that pitiful diary. Parton's daughter alive—all that the Leppa-Lep had left him.

She told him about it, whispering fearfully in the thick, tropic darkness with the throb of the bush drums and Mbam'ala's blood howls as a fitted background. But luckily it was not much she could recall, for she had been no more than four or five when that horror of horrors had overwhelmed her family.

She recalled but little of the voyage of the schooner, and only that because men had fired at them now and then and they had been frightened that they had prayed together every night in the cabin that they might escape dangers, and sung hymns, too; that was how "Ave maris stella" had become bitten into her mind. She recalled the gladness of her father and mother at finding the green place under the Hill. How that gladness had changed to fear.

She remembered an abrupt uproar of shooting and fighting on the deck above her head and then a rush of black men into the cabin where she lay . . . how she had screamed . . . how her mother had stood against her bunk shooting until she sunk under the spears.

She had been reared with other Leppa-Lep children until she was about seven or eight, not unhappily, for since she was destined for great things, care was taken of her. After that period she was taken by Mbam'ala to the caves in the Hill of Dread, where the Seven Young Unwedded and the Seven Old dwelt as priestessess to that abominable shrine. There, with other girl children, she was trained in ritual dancing, singing and the like in the Outer Caves in preparation for the day when she would replace one of the seven younger vestals as priestess of the more hateful rites in the Inner Cave. Only her part was to be a greater one than any of her companions.

"In five moons from now," she told Savaran,

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING Song *of the* Siren

"Mivambe, the eldest of the seven old women, will be given to the fire, as is the custom. Then Irarna, the first of the Young Virgins, will move up into her place and I am to be the First of the Virgins at once, without the usual progress, step by step, through the Seven—for I am white and Mbam'ala says I have great ju-ju in me. . . . And as chief of the seven I shall have terrible things to do and must be present at the killings . . . and I fear."

She clung to Savaran, slim, shaking, pitiful and very young, begging him to take her away. White blood rebelling against black infamy in spite of black upbringing, in spite of the fact that she went as naked as any black save for the few, clinking ritual beads upon her ghostly white slimness. White blood was passionate for rescue, and Savaran, being Savaran, just naturally swore that he was here for nothing else but to save her from this black man hell.

"To-morrow! To-morrow night without fail Savaran, will come for you. Wait you for me here at the same hour."

And full of sardonic mockery at his chivalry, he freed himself from her arms and signalled his boat.

The sweating men strained groaning on the capstan, the schooner heaved and slithered in the mud as the hawser strained taut—heaved and slid sideways as before, but not forward.

The *askari* hanging over the bows and prodding about in the mud, called back: "Old mango roots. Big stuff. Take time and time and time to cut him away."

Foss, red-hot with rage and sweating like a pig, flung down his capstan bar and snarled at Savaran: "We can't do it. Not even you can work miracles."

The lean adventurer turned his twisted smile to the too swift evening sun.

"No, I've got us over two mud banks instead of one—nearly three. Three days' work in one. If I had five hundred men working in the channel and on ropes I'd have done it . . . but, well, you're right, even Savaran has limitations it seems."

"We've cut down time, anyhow," said Foss with forced cheerfulness.

"It'll still take two-three days," sighed the lean man.

"Well, we've got those days," growled Foss challengingly. "You've said so yourself. No need to work us to rags."

"No need," said Savaran grimly. "No more need at all . . ." He turned to the *askari*. "Eat well and sleep, O men, you have a hard night before you."

Foss blazed rage: "Damn you, Savaran, do you mean to go on with this rescue?" flared Foss.

"Savaran has given his word."

"But, by God, it's utter folly," shouted Foss. "Sheer madness. Chucking away half-a-million in ivory for a whim; wealth you've sweated your guts out for, risked your life for. . . . And all your dreams—are all those to be flung away for the sake of a chit of a girl? . . . It's crazy madness . . ."

"My heart's savage with thinking of it," frowned the lean man. "I even curse the girl that stirs this folly in me—and as I curse I hear this"—he hummed "Ave maris stella" . . . "A white child singing in a black hell the hymn I used to sing as a child, Foss. And, hearing it, Savaran, who has broken kings and shattered tribes, whose ambition is of the stars, becomes—well, the utter darn fool you see before you. Queer what flaws Nature serves out with greatness."

"By God, you're past argument," raved Foss. "Won't anything make you see sense? What about the danger? These Leppa-Lep devils will go blood raving if you touch this sacred woman of theirs. Nothing can save us from them then."

"As to that," said Savaran, always fiercely cheerful under danger, "what is a little risk beside Savaran's word. The boats will move off an hour after dark."

"You've made up your mind to double-cross me, then?" Foss shouted.

"Not at all," shrugged Savaran, "I'm leaving you all the ivory."

"Leaving me in the lurch, you mean."

"You can have one of the boats, half the *askari*, and I think you'd better have the machine gun and bombs too."

"And you'll march in on the king and all his army with bare fists, I suppose," snarled Foss. "Damn you, you know I can't let you down—even if I had nerve enough to stay."

"White blood is a noble but unprofitable bond, isn't it?" grinned the lean man. "Then you'll take your place in command of the second boat an hour after dark. I rather expected you would."

There was no more hope for the ivory or his dreams. Savaran had feared that from the first, even though he had tried to work miracles. There seemed, even, little hope of their lives when they came in sight of the king-town of the Leppa-Lep.

The great fires were burning again close under the Hill of Dread. The bush drums were throbbing. Silent, massed faces, blood-red from the flames, stared at Mbam'ala as he pranced and moved once more in the wide, cleared ring round which the tribesmen squatted. Only now Mbam'ala was not trying to win them through speeches, but through religious blood frenzy.

He was not alone now in that clearing.

There was another figure with him, more dreadful, more lonely. A single, slim figure bound helpless to the tall thick post in the centre of the clearing—the sacrificial stake.

A frail slip of a figure, white in the fire glare and unmistakable. Even as Savaran stood up in his boat, his steel-wire figure dreadfully tense, his fierce eyes glittering, Foss cried from the boat alongside: "My god, the girl! The swine are going to sacrifice the white girl."

Savaran, standing like an angel of death, said nothing. His iron glances were studying the hideous scene, the approaches, the chances, the condition of the girl herself.

There was no doubt it was her, her white skin shone like a flame amid all that blackness. Someone had seen her talking to a man—and a white man at devilish that—last night as she had feared, and the witch doctor had seen in that offence his chance of stirring up the blood lust of his wavering dupes.

She was bound by her ankles and her wrists, the latter tied high above her head so that her body would be free for the work the moon-bladed knife would presently do. Mbam'ala was in the midst of a ritual dance full of rushes at her and retreats. Every time he came near her his great knife slashed within a hairsbreadth of her shrinking body. Thus he tormented her as well as worked up the excitement of the Leppa-Lep to fever pitch.

Towering over this ghastly ceremonial, and some ten feet behind the girl, was a big and horrible carving of the Demon of the Hill. The idol, which had been rolled forward on a platform of rough wheels, was monstrous and vile. Carved from some black and brittle stone, it gleamed in the firelight with a sinister life, while its great bulging brass eyes seemed to gloat over the promise of blood.

Savaran studied everything with a still deliberation that made Foss cry out against the delay, but when he spoke his voice was steady and unflurried, his orders as precise as though he had plotted them on paper. Careful, daring, deadly orders for Foss and the *askari*, and he ended:

"Wait exactly on the signal for the machine gun fire and the bombing, Foss—and give me a couple of bombs now——"

Foss made no protest then. Looking at the girl, he thrust the Mills grenades eagerly into the lean hand, anxious for action.

Savaran took them quietly, and quietly landed.

He walked calmly and boldly at an unhurried pace, not by a stealthy path but straight through the squatting ranks of the Leppa-Lep. Daring strokes were paralysing strokes, and Savaran was a master of icy daring—also he had to give Foss and the *askari* time to get into position.

The impudent recklessness of it carried him through. The Leppa-Lep stared dumbfounded and awed. So completely did he dominate them that it was only when Mbam'ala turned in his dance to swoop down upon his victim to make the first blood-drawing stroke, that he realised that he was no longer alone in the clearing with the victim.

He halted dead as he saw the eagle-faced man. Even *he* was awed. Savaran looked so tall, lean and savagely powerful in the flame light that he seemed a towering figure of terror and vengeance. And Savaran moved not at all. He stood, hands lightly on pistol butts, holding the throng by the sheer spell of his personality and daring. So he stood until an owl hooted behind his back. Then the fierce smile flashed in the gipsy face. Savaran had done it again. By daring and magnetism he had won the first, most momentous move. Foss and his *askari* were in their appointed places.

Mbam'ala acted. He saw his chance of winning back the wavering Leppa-Lep by the single stroke of sweeping this dangerous white devil away. He flung his moon-blade gleaming aloft and shouted for death.

Not a warrior dared stir under those masterful eyes, but five of the devil-masked priests leapt forward to overwhelm this sublime fool with their stabbing spears and knives. Forward they charged and still Savaran did not move. Halfway across the clearing they stamped in a swirl of dust, yelling and threatening. Only then did the lean right hand twitch. Only that, a twitch—no more than was needed to jerk a pistol out of its holster. It was from the level of the hip that the pistol spoke. Five shots it fired,and so quickly that they seemed but one long explosion. Five shots, no more. No more were needed. The five priests were dead.

As the great circle of blacks cringed and sucked back, loosing a storm of cries at the wonder of that shooting, the lean adventurer stepped to the sacrificial post. His hand went up to the bound wrists and a knife gleamed. A couple of quick cuts and the wrists were free, the knife was in the girl's hands and Savaran had stepped back to cover her with his pistols as she stooped to free her ankles.

He had won the second move in the way he had planned to win it.

But he had, as he had also foreseen, loosed the real danger at last. His interference with the sacrificial victim, a taboo maiden, too, his threat to rob the Leppa-Lep of their night's pleasure in torture, raised the storm. Mbam'ala, screeching against sacrilege, had little need to yell. With a roar the whole black mob was on its feet clamouring for vengeance, and sweeping together as surprised blacks will, in a compact mob, poured towards him.

Savaran flung up his left hand.

From the darkness behind him came the shattering stutter of the machine gun leaping into action, the slash-slash-slash of the *askari's* volley firing. From four points of the circle Mills bombs rained into the packed mass as fast as arms could hurl them, bursting with terrifying explosions and deadly execution amid the thick press of the bodies.

The surprise effect was as appalling as an attack of the gods. Even as the rush started it seemed to be scythed down and blown to pieces by the very thunder and fire of heaven.

The rush halted, broke to pieces and scattered backward with screams. For a moment hopeless panic reigned. Savaran waved his hand again and knew by the clatter in the darkness behind him that Foss and his men were legging it to their boats as ordered. So far his plans had gone like clockwork. But now his own safety and the girl's was to be a matter of luck and moments.

Mbam'ala knew it. He leapt forward, stilling the chaos with his brazen yells. He waved the moon-blade above his head like a standard and ordered the Leppa-Lep under threat of the Demon to follow him. The warriors began to rally. It was going to be touch and go for Savaran and the girl.

Savaran had seen it like that, too. He had retreated to the idol of the demon. On the very platform of the great image he turned, and his high, fierce voice called back:

"Woe to you, Leppa-Lep, for my gods are angered with you. See with your own eyes how Mbam'ala and his demon will be destroyed. Fall on your faces, O pigs of vileness, and eat dirt else the same wrath devour ye."

As he spoke his pistol cracked and Mbam'ala, rushing towards him, leapt high and died.

The warriors hung back for an instant under that death and Savaran's threat. It was just long enough to allow the lean man to whip the safety pins out of the two Mills 'bombs and roll them under the platform of the idol. Then he caught the girl's hand and ran for the bush.

As they ran they heard the roaring of the Leppa-Lep as they started in chase. They gave tongue like wolves eager for blood—for five seconds. Then came the earth-splitting crash and the blinding flame of the double explosion and the sound of a brittle carving flying to pieces.

Savaran pulled the girl to a halt. He heard no pursuit now. Only the screams and the wailings of a tribe smitten with superstitious terror as they looked upon the splintered ruin of what had once been their god.

"And that, my dear, saves us," the lean man grinned as Foss helped them into the boats. "The Leppa-Lep will be too occupied dreading the vengeance of Savaran and his gods to think of pursuing us . . . Savaran may not have worked miracles with ivory, but in purely theological spheres he has not done so badly."

£5,000,000 *for a* GLASS *of* Water

by D.M.B. Collier

who shows you the wealth and industry needed to bring you your water supply

WHEN next you turn on the kitchen tap please remember that it has cost millions of pounds to make perfect the vast system of pipes and storage tanks that provide you with a glass of water. Dictionaries define water as a clear, transparent liquid, neutral in its reaction and devoid of taste or smell, and you should be thankful that the water pouring from your taps so nearly answers that description.

Men spend their lives taking strange tastes and queer smells away from water—despite what the dictionary says about it—and armies of men and women are employed in making sure that you will have water without colour. That so many people in odd corners of the country suffer when there is a drought is the fault of the local authority rather than the fault of those persons who are always planning that you shall have water wherever you go.

Fancy, it was not until 1829 that there was any system of purification for drinking water.

Our ancestors never dared to ask where the water came from, although we do find Acts, passed as early as the close of the sixteenth century, forbidding the casting of "dogges, cattes and anie cattel, carrion, or anie unwholesome uncleane thinge" into a river from which drinking water was taken.

Thousands of people living in Westminster were at one time provided by the Grand Junction Water Company with water from the Thames by means of an intake pipe at Chelsea, only a few yards from a sewer.

Drinking water at that time was infested with all manner of livestock. According to the records of 1827 huge leeches and worms squirmed in the muddy liquid, and even when boiled the flavour of the water was objectionable.

To-day the Metropolitan Water Board, the largest supply undertaking in the world, controls 537 square miles with a population of 7,500,000, and the rentals received amounted in 1934 to £5,074,667, which means that at least five million pounds is spent annually on London's water supply. The mains of this system have a total length of 7,800 miles, nearly long enough to reach to Australia and back.

The average Londoner uses twice his weight in water every day. During the drought in 1934 Londoners saved enough water every hour to supply the daily needs of a town as large as Northampton.

At present the water board has reservoirs storing 19,657,000 gallons. Work on a new reservoir has recently started in the Lee Valley, and two more in the Thames Valley, one at Staines and the other at Walton, are to follow to increase the board's storage supply by nearly 60 per cent.

Early in the last century it was found that when water was allowed to remain in settling ponds, it not only became clear and free from deposit, but also the taste was materially improved.

Sand Filtration

This kind of purification was considered by water companies to be sufficient to make the liquid fit for human consumption until the discovery of "slow sand filtration," by James Simpson in 1829. Simpson, who was consulting engineer to the Chelsea Water Company, discovered that turbid water, if strained through fine sand, became quite clear. Even water that had been tainted with sewage became sweet. Other similar methods have been discovered since then, but Simpson's system is still the most widely used. Actually his process consists of allowing water to percolate slowly through a filter bed which is composed of a layer of fine sand, coarse sand, various grades of gravel and pebbles.

A modern, slow sand filter bed is an open tank, about an acre in area and about nine feet deep, usually constructed of brick and concrete. The floor of the filter has a system of underdrains, perforated tiles evenly spaced, over which are arranged layers of graded gravels fine at the top and coarse at the bottom.

Above this is the sand, and finally four feet of water, trickling through the filter at the rate of four inches an hour.

The actual filtration is performed by a film that collects where the sand and water come in contact. Filter beds are cleaned by scraping off the layer of dirt and weeds, by hand, with about ¾ inch thickness of sand. This sand can be used over again, when it has been through a sand washer in which the dirty refuse is washed away by swiftly running water.

Filter beds have to be cleaned most frequently in spring and early summer when algal (a kind of weed) grows rapidly. At other times they go as long as three months without cleaning. To speed up this process somewhat the Metropolitan Water Board, and several other water supply companies throughout the country, have adopted a double system of filtration.

The water is passed more than fifty times as quickly through the sand, small filter beds are used and the sand cleaned mechanically. This partly filtered water is then passed on to the ordinary filter beds, where it passes through much more quickly than water straight from the reservoirs, because it has already been freed of so much clogging matter.

The process of purifying London's water is completed by the addition, in minute quantities, of ammonia and chlorine, which finally destroy any bacteria that may have succeeded in passing through the filtration plant. Water which passes through this filtration process has previously been stored in reservoirs so that the heaviest river mud has sunk from the liquid.

● Armies of men and women spend their lives making sure of your water supply

Underground Supply

The largest reservoir near London is the "Queen Mary" reservoir at Littleton between Staines and Hampton. It holds 6,750,000 gallons of water, which would supply London for twenty-three days or Winchester for twenty-three years. It cost £2,000,000 to make, and its area is nearly as large as that of Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens and St. James's Park combined.

Not all London's water is surface or river water. Underground sources provide a valuable supply; in fact the quantity of water that the board gets from wells is greater than the entire water supply of Manchester. Most of the wells are in the chalk that stretches in a trough from the Chiltern Hills to the North Downs, and is covered by a thick blanket of London clay.

Engineers have found that under the Metropolis is one of the most prolific water-bearing formations in the kingdom. Hundreds of private and public wells have been sunk into the chalk and pumping has been so heavy that the water level under the city has sunk 110 feet in fifty-five years. Of the fifty-five wells owned by the board, fifty-one are sunk in the chalk and the remainder in the underlying greensand. The largest well output is at Deptford, where a new well was recently sunk and connected with three adjoining older wells.

Of course the low levels at which water is obtained from various sources make a gravitational system impossible and so the maintenance of a supply depends on continued pumping.

London's pumping machinery, working day and night all the year round, consumes 167,000 tons of coal and 3,000 tons of oil a year.

The water is, of course, delivered to consumers through a network of pipes varying in diameter from forty-eight to three inches.

The Work In It

Distribution of water into your home is usually made from mains ranging in diameter, from three to six inches, to which are connected smaller lead pipes passing under the pavement. Until a few years ago, these pipes were the property of the householder who had to maintain them.

In addition to all this machinery and expense, 4,450 men have to be employed, including engine-drivers, cleaners, stokers, fitters, electricians, waste inspectors, meter changers and readers, turncocks, trenchmen labourers as well as officials and other workers peculiar to waterworks undertakings, before you can have a glass of water in London.

No other water supply company approaches in size that of London, but the most up-to-date system and the highest pressure of water in England is to be found in Manchester. In fact vacuum-cleaners and hair-dryers could easily be run off the hydraulic system that supplies this city with water.

It is difficult to gauge the amount of water that may be required in other cities in twenty years, but provision must be made for increasing populations, and additional supplies to avoid epidemics

(*continued on page* 13)

Hold it!

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Continuing

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of disease. Sometimes those who have to judge these things fail in their calculations.

Manchester for instance, bought Lake Ullswater in the belief that a great deal of water would have to be drawn from it within a few years. This has not been so and it is only required in times of drought. Liverpool has had the opposite experience. A 48-inch main was connected with a Lake Verney, in North Wales which, it was anticipated, would supply enough water to satisfy the city's needs for some time. But Liverpool now uses so much more water, that another main of the same size is being laid.

In some parts of the country, water that could be utilised for rural populations who badly need it, is allowed to run to waste.

Almost inexhaustible springs remain unused at Bourne, near Kesteven in Lincolnshire. It is the same in East Suffolk where almost every summer the inhabitants suffer from a shortage of water. The excuse is that deep boring would be expensive.

The Meerbrook tunnel between Matlock and Derby is reputed to waste more than 10 million gallons of water a day, and the Stour, full of riverbed springs, carries away thousands of gallons every hour, while in hot weather the country folk within walking distance of its banks pant with thirst.

50 *Years' Job*

An insufficient water supply is not, however, a trouble confined to country districts. Many small towns have water supplies that come through neglected mains. One company that undertakes the cleaning of water mains and pipes, estimates that it would take their full staff, with additional assistants, more than fifty years to clean all the water supply pipes that are in need of treatment in England.

Hard water and soft water both contribute their .share of problems. Soft water is hardened by adding just enough lime to neutralise the carbonates and acids. Excess lime in water kills bacteria, but it "furs" up the pipes more quickly. In such cases pipe descaling is undertaken by special firms.

Recently a firm cleaned a 4-inch main 2¼ miles long in twenty-four hours at Burwash. There was a heavy incrustation of ferric oxide deposit that reduced the diameter of the mains and interfered with the water supply.

A guarantee was given by the firm that their cleansing solution, which was emptied into the rivers Dudwell and Rother, would not pollute the river, which contained trout and had valuable fishing rights. It would have cost £700 to have restocked the river with trout.

Lloyds undertook the insurance of the fish for £25, on the understanding that if there were no claim they would refund £15 of this premium. So actually it cost £10 to insure the trout that are still alive.

Used To It

People have become so accustomed, not only to pure water, but also to clear water, that experts are being kept busy all the time seeing that there is nothing in the water about which complaints can be made.

Some years ago the water at Lerwick in the Shetland Isles was pale yellow, almost the colour of whisky, because it passed through peat. Chemical purification was introduced, and now water that was once soft and lovely in which to lather the famous "woollies" is now so hard that it furs up kettles in a few days. But the liquid is colourless.

Moorland waters are nearly always discoloured, soft and acid, and are best purified by mechanical filters. It should be remembered that this kind of filtering does not eliminate all bacteria, so that too much progress may increase the chances of pollution

● Thames water is filtered and distributed to London suburbs by the Metropolitan Water Board Station at Hampton, Middlesex

● Fishing in the New River at Sir Hugh Myddelton's Head.

● There's water wealth in these giant pipes

which have been so successfully abolished by Simpson's effective but slow method.

Chlorination is still a debatable point. It is easy and costs little (less than five pounds of chlorine in the form of bleaching powder to purify a million gallons of water), but many people think it flavours the water unpleasantly. It certainly destroys bacteria and abolishes typhoid and cholera, but most experts think that the method of using chlorination as an addition to sand filtration is the best.

The water examination department has been carrying out daily bacteriological tests since November, 1905. Trained samplers collect from all points of the water supply system and a running picture is thus developed of the water in every stage of its management, from the raw material to the finished article. An unending stream passes through incubators and laboratories.

There is a kind of microbe "zoo," that has to be provided with a varied and generous diet which, during the year, amounts to 1,200 lb. of meat, 3,168 eggs, 180 lb. of peptone, 112 lb. of agar, 48 of bile salt, and 70 lb. of lactose.

Times Have Changed

This all goes to show why we can get a glass of sparkling water so easily and how much things have changed since Peter Morrys, a Dutchman, in 1582 established a pump worked by a water wheel, in one of the arches of Old London Bridge. (Incidentally the Metropolitan Water Board still pays £3,750 in annuities to successors of the Morrys family. These continue until 2082.)

Sir Hugh Myddelton, member of King James's parliament, who started and financed that great enterprise, the New River, which still plays so great a part in London's water supply, would be even more overjoyed if he saw it to-day than he was on a day in September, 1613, when in the presence of the Lord Mayor and the City Fathers, he first saw water gushing into the New River Head at Enfield.

It is to be hoped that the spirit of Sir Hugh will eventually inspire somebody to work for a National Water scheme to give country people the same unending supply of clear drinking water that is now enjoyed for the most part only by city-dwellers.

The Drought Bogy must be banished from the land; water taps in country cottages must not be forgotten merely because local authorities are not willing to spend vast sums on reservoirs.

We may smile at the idea of the fish and livestock slipping into the drinking water of our grandfathers; but there are still people who must take their water from wells and streams, many of them having to buy it by the bucketful, others having to carry it long distances to their homes.

They forgot the founder of the house until he flourished a title — but he laughed last.

Something to LIVE FOR

SIR JONATHAN hoped that he wasn't going to live much longer. He had long ago passed his allotted span of three score and ten. What had he to live for? His sons? The old man grunted a contemptuous negative. Anthony, the eldest, was a pig-headed fool. Whenever Sir Jonathan saw him he was seized with wonder that this huge, gross creature was a son of his loins. No, he didn't like Anthony.

The other two, Peter and Gerald, left him passive. They were uninteresting mediocrities, did something or other in the City, he wasn't sure what it was, talked about horses and old port, smoked large cigars and quarrelled with their wives. None of them was interested in their father. All three had married money, and his small fortune meant little to them. He scarcely ever saw them.

There was only one grandchild, Anthony's daughter, Helen. She was beautiful, too—the image of her grandmother when she smiled. But he scarcely ever saw her.

Sir Jonathan sighed in an excess of senile self-pity. Yes, the sooner he died the better. No one would weep at his funeral. As soon as he had been lowered into the ground, the trio would probably hurry to his house and quarrel over the division of his Chippendale. The old man's eyes became moist. No one cared what happened to him.

He became aware of a manservant at his elbow.

"Well, Graves?" he grunted.

"Miss Helen to see you, sir."

Sir Jonathan twisted in his chair.

"Miss Helen!" he echoed in delight. "Send her in."

A moment later Sir Jonathan was being kissed by a sweet-faced girl.

"Well, Helen," he growled, "why this visit?"

With a little laugh, the girl seated herself at his feet and looked up at him, her head on a side, eyes quizzical.

"I bet you're after something," accused her grandfather.

"I am," admitted the girl, shamelessly.

A little ache came to the old man's heart. He felt his lips tremble.

"I thought that you wouldn't have come just to see me," he muttered.

She seized his hand and caressed it. He felt the warmth of her clasp seep into his heart.

"But it's only advice, dear," she said gently.

"Uh!" grunted the old man, and tried to conceal his gladness. "Well, what is it?"

The girl hesitated and turned her head away.

"I'm in love."

"Uh?"

"I'm in love," she repeated almost inaudibly.

"What do you want me to do about it?"

"Father doesn't like him."

"Well, that's in the young man's favour. Who is he?"

"His name is Martin—Martin Lennox—and he works in father's office."

"He's got no money?"

"No."

"No social position?"

"No."

"That's why Anthony doesn't like him."

"Father wants a title in the family," continued the girl demurely. "As you're only a knight, he won't succeed to one, so he wants me to marry a title."

"The—the——!" commenced Sir Jonathan and spluttered.

"He wants me to marry Sir Jervis Krell."

"But he's been divorced twice, hasn't he?"

"No, three times."

"The blackguard! And he's old enough to be your father with a bit over for wild oat sowing."

"Yes."

"I'll tell Anthony something—the puffed-up snob!" grimly. "I've been bottling it up for a long time."

"I knew you'd help," sighed Helen smugly.

"Now, look here, puss," began the old man sternly. "How do I know that this Martin fellow is any better? He may be a Casanova or a fortune hunter. I've got to see him before I do anything."

The girl rose to her feet.

"He's outside right now," she murmured, and had the grace to blush.

The old man's eyes twinkled and he uttered a roar of laughter but became suddenly grave.

"How like your grandmother you are when you blush, my dear," he whispered, and the words brought a stab to his throat. "Well, bring in your Lochinvar."

With a gay laugh, she sped away.

A moment later she returned with a large young man who stood before Sir Jonathan's scrutiny, nervously twisting his hat but returning the old man's stare with a pair of frank, honest blue eyes. Sir Jonathan grunted.

"So you're Martin."

"Yes, sir."

"And you want to marry my granddaughter."

The glance that passed between the young pair brought a smile to the old man's lips, but hastily he compressed them.

"Well, why don't you?" he demanded, aggressively.

"Well," the young man hesitated. "Helen's father has threatened to discharge me if ever he sees me with Helen again."

"Is that all that's stopping you?"

"Not exactly," Helen spoke. "I m only nineteen so I must have father's consent."

"Stuff and nonsense!" roared Sir Jonathan. "Your grandmother was eighteen when she bore your father. I didn't have *her* father's consent. You love each other, nothing else matters." He coughed, with a quick, upward glance at the young man. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to marry Helen," announced the other decisively, putting an arm about the girl.

Sir Jonathan coughed again. He realised that he was enjoying himself.

"Will you help us, sir?" pleaded the young giant.

"Of course I will. Fancy a granddaughter of mine marrying an old roué! Not if I know it." He growled to himself.

The young pair moved towards the door.

"Helen," roared Sir Jonathan.

"Yes, grandfather?"

"Haven't you forgotten something?"

She came running to him with a laugh and rested her cool lips on his cheek.

"He's all right, my dear," whispered the old man. "Don't worry, and leave it all to me."

She kissed him again.

"Young man," cried Sir Jonathan, "you're a lucky fellow."

"I know it, sir," breathed the other, and with his arm about Helen, left the room.

Sir Jonathan chuckled.

"So Anthony wants a title in the family," he said aloud. He knit his brows and suddenly uttered a roar of delight. "Graves, Graves," he cried. "Where the devil are you, man?" The servant entered the room, running. "So there you are. I want you to telephone my sons, all three of 'em. Tell 'em I want 'em all to dine with me here on Sunday—wives, too. Tell 'em it's urgent. If they've got anything else on, they've got to put it off. Now, hurry."

"Very good, sir." Graves departed, wonderingly.

"I'm going to marry Helen," he announced decisively, putting his arm about the girl.

Sir Jonathan chuckled. The world was not such a bad place after all.

The dinner had been an unqualified success. From the head of the table Sir Jonathan regarded his guests distastefully. Anthony, fat and bloated, lay back in his chair, his shirt front bulging grotesquely. His wife sat next to him. The old man disliked her intensely. She reminded him of an Epstein statue he had seen somewhere.

Peter was craning forward his thin, scraggy neck, his large indigestion-stained nose completing his birdlike appearance. His wife was busily engaged in powdering her nose. She was a long, lean woman crowned with a mass of red hair that the old man suspected was far from genuine. She had the tongue of a wasp.

Gerald was noisily eating nuts; his wife, a vinegary, thin-haired woman in a décolletée gown, arguing shrilly with the Epstein-like Mrs. Anthony concerning the morals of a certain mutual acquaintance. An unlovely brood, meditated the old man, and suddenly chuckled.

He leant forward and struck the table with his fist. Immediate silence was the response, and six pairs of eyes turned towards him inquiringly.

"I suppose you wonder why I've brought you all here—uh?" He glanced about him challengingly, but no one spoke. "Well, I've got some news that'll interest all of you—interest you all very much." He was silent for a moment, sensing the tenseness of the atmosphere. "Well, here it is. I've been approached concerning a peerage. They want to

ILLUSTRATED BY COLLER

A *Complete Story by* GEORGE I. JOSEPH

know if I'll take one if it's offered among His Majesty's Birthday Honours."

The announcement dropped like a thunderbolt.

Anthony was the first to regain control of his faculties.

"Father," he cried, rising to his feet, his voice shrill with excitement, "what glorious news! We'll all be so proud of you."

"Proud of me—huh!" The old man glared about him fiercely. "Of course, you don't realise, Anthony, that you'd be Lord Somebody or Other one of these days, and you, Peter and Gerald, would be Honourables. No, of course, you haven't thought of that, have you?"

The three sons exchanged a swift glance that did not escape the old man,

"Of course, we didn't think of that, father," demurred Anthony. "We know that you deserve it. You've done a great deal for the country in establishing an industry that gives work to thousands. We're proud of you."

"Proud—uh!" the old man grunted. "Well, get this: I'm not going to accept."

"N-not going to take it?" echoed Anthony uncertainly as though loth to believe his own ears.

"Not going to take it," bleated his wife.

"Not going to take it," shrilled Mrs. Gerald.

Peter contented himself with a weak "Good Lord!" and subsided like a pricked balloon.

"Look here, father," cried Anthony, "don't you realise that you owe us a duty, and——"

"Owe you a duty!" roared Sir Jonathan, striking the table. "Owe you a duty, do I? What duty—uh? Haven't I done enough for you? I've worked like a nigger to put you three where you are to-day, and what have I got out of it? Do you ever come to see me to find out how I'm getting on? No. I could die here for all you care. The only time I see you is when you want something. Well, I'm not going to take this peerage, and to-morrow I'm going to write and say so. I've given you three enough and I'm not going to give you any more."

He struggled to his feet and strode towards the door. Turning, he regarded his thunderstruck guests, opened the door and marched wrathfully into the library. He helped himself to a glass of port, smacked his lips and chuckled. There came a knock on the door.

"Come in," growled Sir Jonathan, drawing his features into a forbidding scowl.

Anthony entered, and moved hesitatingly towards him.

"Father," he began, "I think——"

"I don't care what you think," roared the old man.

The other retreated a pace.

"But, father," he pleaded, "we don't want you to think that we're undutiful. True, we haven't seen much of you, but we're all busy men. Don't think that we aren't fond of you. We are."

Sir Jonathan grunted doubtfully.

"And I suppose that you want me to accept this title," he accused.

"Naturally," admitted Anthony.

"You'd like to have a title in the family, wouldn't you, Anthony?" The old man did not attempt to keep the sneer from his voice. His son flushed and made no reply. Sir Jonathan knew that the other five would be gathered about the door listening to the conversation. "I shouldn't be surprised if you'd marry Helen to a title," he continued, and a tinge of purple came to the other's cheeks.

"I—I——" he faltered.

"Listen, Anthony," said Sir Jonathan, "I happen to know something about your plans for Helen, and I also happen to know that she's in love with a decent young fellow in your office. You won't give your consent because he's got no title or social position, and all that kind of stuff that you worship like a snob. Now, don't interrupt me," as the other opened his mouth. "But if I become a peer, you won't have to use Helen to get a title into the family, will you?"

"Now look here, father," expostulated the other.

"Don't 'look here' me!" roared Sir Jonathan, wrathfully. "Just answer my questions."

"Sir Jervis is a fine chap," cried Anthony desperately. "Helen's too young to know her own mind."

"I suppose your mother was too young to know *her* own mind when she married me—uh? She was two years younger than Helen."

"Things were different then," stubbornly.

"Different!" jeered the old man. "Women don't change. They were the same a hundred years ago, and they'll be the same in a hundred years time. Helen's got her head screwed on the right way, and she knows what she wants. She wants this penniless young man and she's in love with him. Have you got anything against him?"

"Not exactly, but——"

"But he's got no money, title or social position. That's it, isn't it? Now which of the three would you have if I hadn't given 'em to you? None. And now you're asking me to give you something more. Well, I'm not going to."

"But, father, you owe it to us."

"I owe you nothing." Sir Jonathan's voice rose to a frenzy. "You're going to have a title in the family through your worthless Sir Jervis. What more do you want? Even though there are more Lady Jervis Krells than Kilkenny cats, you still want it. Well, get it and may your snob's soul be happy." He turned his back on the apoplectic Anthony.

"I didn't know that you objected to Sir Jervis Krell," he muttered lamely.

"Didn't know—huh?" roared Sir Jonathan. "Have you ever come and asked me my opinion? No, of course not. Of course, I don't like him. Neither would you if he didn't have a title."

The other protested incoherently.

"Don't splutter, man. If you want Helen to marry your Sir Jervis, fire ahead, but you don't get a title through me."

"Father," said Anthony, hoarsely, "if Helen objects to Sir Jervis, she doesn't have to marry him."

"That's the first sensible thing I've heard you say," growled the old man, "and I suppose you mean that you'll give your consent to her marrying this other young fellow if she wants to."

"Well——"

Sir Jonathan uttered a roar.

"I'm not going to accept that title."

Anthony placed a hand on the other's arm.

"Father, if you'll reconsider your decision about the peerage, I'll——"

"You'll give your consent to Helen's marrying the man she loves?"

"Yes, of course, father," agreed the other hastily.

Sir Jonathan heard the stir outside the door.

"I'm getting old," he sighed. "I'd like the wedding to be soon—say at the end of next month."

"Just as you say, father."

"Very well, I suppose I do owe you a duty as you put it. I'll write and say that I'll accept a peerage."

"Thank you, father."

Anthony mopped his forehead.

"Good-night, father."

Sir Jonathan grunted.

When the door had closed, the old man began to chuckle and helped himself to another glass of port. He smacked his lips. It was good, that '23 vintage. The world was a good place when one was still useful.

He didn't want to die—no, not for a long time. He wanted to dandle Helen's children on his knee and besides he wanted to see Anthony's face when he confessed that it had all been a hoax and he hadn't been approached about a peerage—but, of course, that wouldn't be until after the wedding. He chuckled joyously and wondered if he could risk another glass of port.

Short Short Story

COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

by WILL SCOTT

Mrs. Dyght MOVES AGAIN

"Where have I seen her before?" said the tall man.

UNTIL the Case nothing had ever happened to her or about her. Mrs. Dyght, thirty-six, Lesser St. Symonds. That was all she amounted to: a name, an age, an address. Her name had never been in the papers, nor had she any reason to believe it ever would be in the papers.

To some of her immediate neighbours she was not known by name. "The woman at the White Cottage . . ."

And then Curtis came along and fell in love with her and she with him. And Curtis shot her husband and was taken away by the police, and all the world blamed her. Yes, all the world, pretty nearly.

And the White Cottage, which once had been so peaceful, now became the hub of the world. Police, men with cameras, hundreds of people who just stood and stared, and, on Sundays, cars so thick in the lane that the lane itself ceased to be visible.

And at last the Case . . . and headlines.

Threats of war were unimportant. Deaths of eminent people were not worth notice. Test Matches lost their hold on the public imagination. Every paper you picked up had THE DYGHT CASE across all the seven columns of its front page. With pictures of the White Cottage and pictures (small) of Dyght and pictures (medium) of Curtis and pictures (large and very large) of Mrs. Dyght.

She came to hate the sight of her own face and loathe the sound of her own name. If she went into a strange shop, miles away from home, the assistants would look at her, suddenly start, take the first chance, to withdraw a few paces from her and *whisper*. In less than a minute all the shop would know that *the* Mrs. Dyght was at counter 3.

Life was unbearable. When she could she locked herself indoors. But there were those horrible times when she had to go out, to the inquest, to the police court, and when the case went for trial, to that other horrible court that always remained in her memory as some part of a nightmare cathedral.

The Case. . . . Cameras, eyes, whisperings, crowds as she got into taxis, crowds as she got out of taxis, crowds as she left her hotel and returned to it, her photograph in the papers, and again and again and again in the papers—and headlines.

MRS. DYGHT IN THE BOX. . . .

MRS. DYGHT'S HOTEL STORMED. . . .

MRS. DYGHT BREAKS DOWN. . . .

MRS. DYGHT'S OUTBURST. . . .

There were even regulars among the starers. She recognised them day by day. She came to hate all living people.

The Case ended, and there was only one possible ending. . . .

People still stared; harder than ever. She never could understand why they blamed her, but blame her they did. She wanted, when it was over, to go to a remote island, thousands of miles away, to live alone, for ever.

DYGHT VERDICT. MRS. DYGHT'S PLANS. . . .

MRS. DYGHT SEES CURTIS FOR THE LAST TIME. . . .

She went, for a week, to Brighton. But everybody in Brighton seemed to know her. She had thought there might be safety in numbers. But now she wondered if there could be safety anywhere. Her face, which had never seemed more than an ordinary face to her, was now the best known face in the country.

A week in Brighton. . . .

"See this woman? The one coming along? It's Mrs. Dyght!"

"Here's Mrs. Dyght coming!"

"That's Mrs. Dyght!"

"See that woman at the next table?"

"Good Lord, yes! It's Mrs. Dyght."

A week. . . . But after three days she had to go. There was that terrible moment in the lounge when a boy of fourteen asked her for her autograph. . . .

She tried Seaford. Seaford was small and, like all small places, was sure to be preoccupied. She tried Seaford.

For an hour she thought she had succeeded. Then Smith told Brown and Brown told Jones. People began to loiter on the pavement outside the small hotel. When she went out, they allowed her twenty or thirty yards start and then they followed. If she went into a small shop they waited for her outside.

She left Seaford. . . .

Of the little cottage on the outskirts of Bellington she heard quite by chance. It was a village of less than seven hundred inhabitants, and scattered. The cottage was half a mile from the centre of such activity as Bellington knew. It was to let furnished, and the owner lived many miles away. She gave a false name and moved in late in the evening. She advertised in the county paper for a maid, sifted the replies carefully and chose a girl from a great distance, from a country place; chose, moreover, the girl who wrote the most stupid and illiterate reply.

The girl came. Her name was Rose. So far from having heard of the case and Mrs. Dyght, she did not appear ever to have heard of anything. She did her work faithfully, did not mix with the neighbours, and went to bed early.

Bellington accepted "Mrs. Grey." Accepted her by ignoring her. She went abroad only after dusk. Rose did the shopping and saw the tradesmen. Peace began to come to Mrs. Dyght.

She bought a dog, a little Scottish terrier which used to accompany her on her evening walks. Publicity of any kind she ignored. She kept out of the village itself; the tale Rose was told being that she was recovering from a nervous breakdown and had to have rest.

Once in a lane the little Aberdeen was attacked by a big Alsatian that a man was walking. The man cursed the Alsatian and wanted to apologise. "Mrs. Grey," with her head down, claimed that the fault was the terrier's, picked him up and took him away. Had he been attacked by a herd of bulls she would have claimed the fault was his, picked him up and carried him away.

The weeks went by. The garden, the pleasant rooms with their low ceilings, books, the little dog and the evening strolls. . . . Peace. No headlines. No eyes. No whispers.

Mrs. Dyght came to love Bellington—or as much of Bellington as she saw. The view from her windows, the lane, even the stupid chatter of faithful Rose, the peace that was over everything. Never, she told herself, would she want to leave this Sleepy Hollow. Never. Here, in time, she could forget.

There was, said Rose one day, a wedding down at the village church. . . .

A wedding! Her thoughts went back to her own wedding ten years before, to her husband, to Curtis. . . . She felt she would like to see the wedding. A simple country pageant. The case must be forgotten now. The world had had other things to think about, and sometime she would want to make contact with life. In Bellington she was safe—not forgotten, but unknown. It was a wedding of villagers, of people she did not know, of people who did not know her, save as "Mrs. Grey" of the cottage.

It would be safe for her to go.

She went. It was Saturday afternoon. Seventy or eighty country people stood about the green outside the church. The organ was playing. It was a pretty scene and it made Mrs. Dyght glad for the first time for many months.

Near the lych gate two men stood, one a tall man in grey. His companion, about to strike a match, hesitated.

"That woman—where have I seen her before? There's something familiar. . . ."

Mrs. Dyght heard. She looked round. The two men were staring at her, the shorter one intently. Her cheeks went cold, then flushed. She moved away to the corner of a lane. She looked back. The two men were still staring. . . .

She hurried back to the cottage, her heart beating rapidly.

It had come at last!

"Rose," she said, "pack our things. We are leaving Bellington."

"Leavin' Bellin'ton, ma'am. W'y, I thought you loved it? You——"

"It's the doctor. The place doesn't agree with me. I must get away. You will come with me, Rose? Yes. To London for a day or two, then some quiet place near the sea—somewhere. . . . We shall have to find somewhere. . . ."

Yes, she *did* love Bellington. Loved it now more than she had known. And she was going from it for ever. To——?

Where?

"Boxes an' everythin' packed, ma'am," said Rose.

"Get a taxi," said Mrs. Dyght. "There's a train to town in half an hour."

The taxi came. The boxes were put aboard, and she and Rose got in. The driver closed the door and they started.

. . . . . .

Near the lych gate two men stood, one a tall man in grey. His companion, about to strike a match, hesitated.

"That woman—where have I seen her before? There's something familiar. . . ."

"Stranger to me," said the tall man in grey.

The woman looked round, moved away to the corner of a lane, looked round again, and passed from sight down the lane.

"I've got it," said the shorter man. "Woman with a little Aberdeen. Old Brutus set on the thing a week or two ago, and she said it was the Aberdeen's fault! Thought I knew her face. . . ."

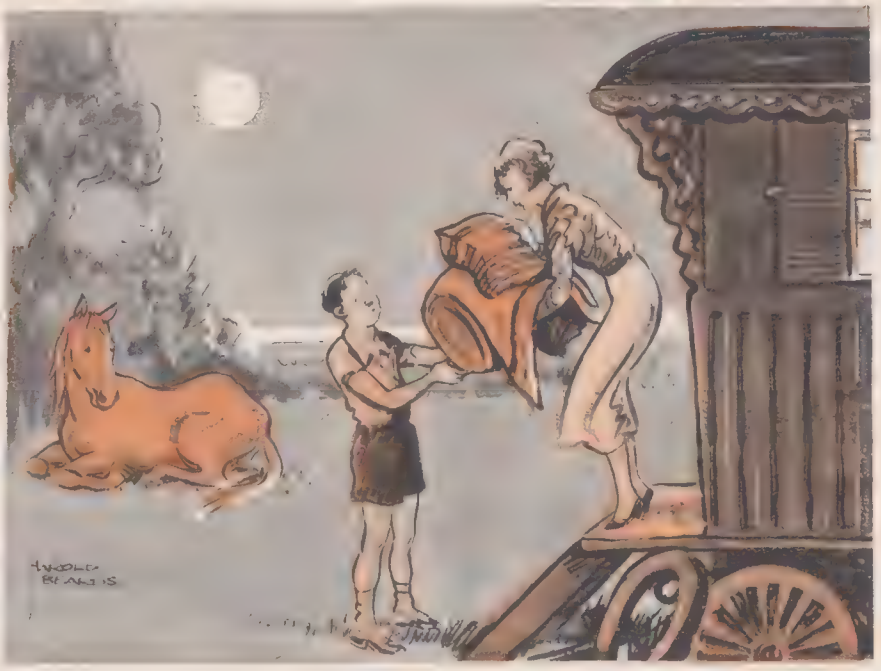
He struck the match.

"What were you saying about Hitler?" he asked.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"Well, I think it's ridiculous being afraid of field mice like that, Mary."



"Here's a blanket and a pillow for him, George—and I'll make him a cup of cocoa with ours, last thing."

"Have you seen a small boy with a catapult pass this way?"

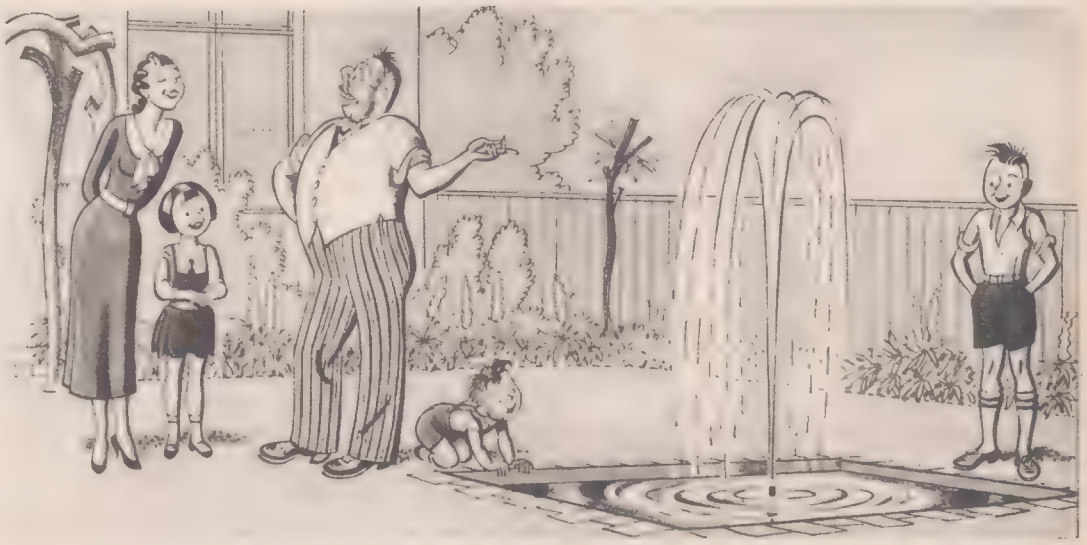
"These were the birds you said migrated in a month's time, weren't they, professor?"

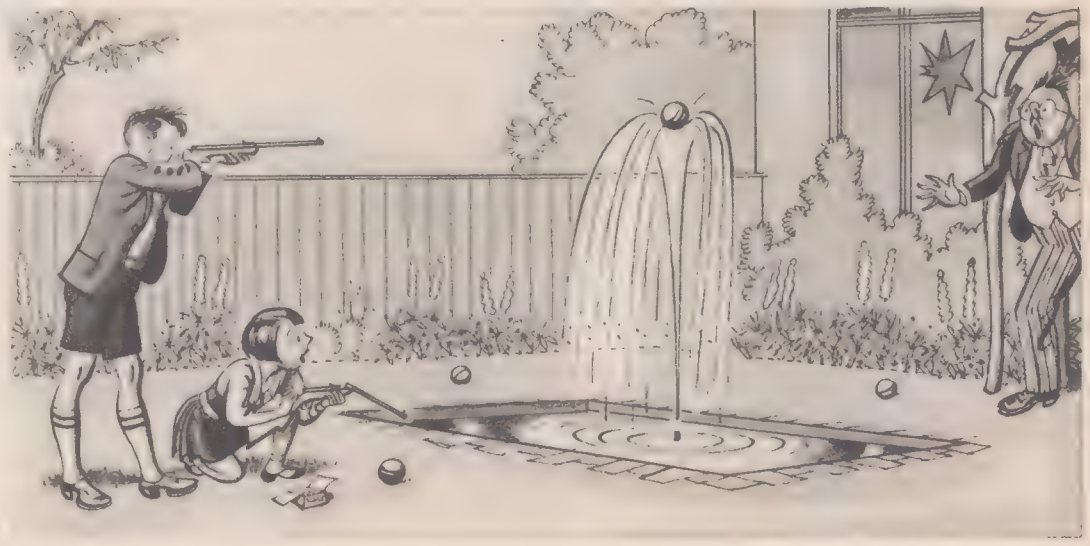
"Gosh ! Pedro's had one over the eight again."

"For some weeks, sir, I've 'ad my suspicions about the potting shed leaning over, and this morning I borrowed a plumb-line."

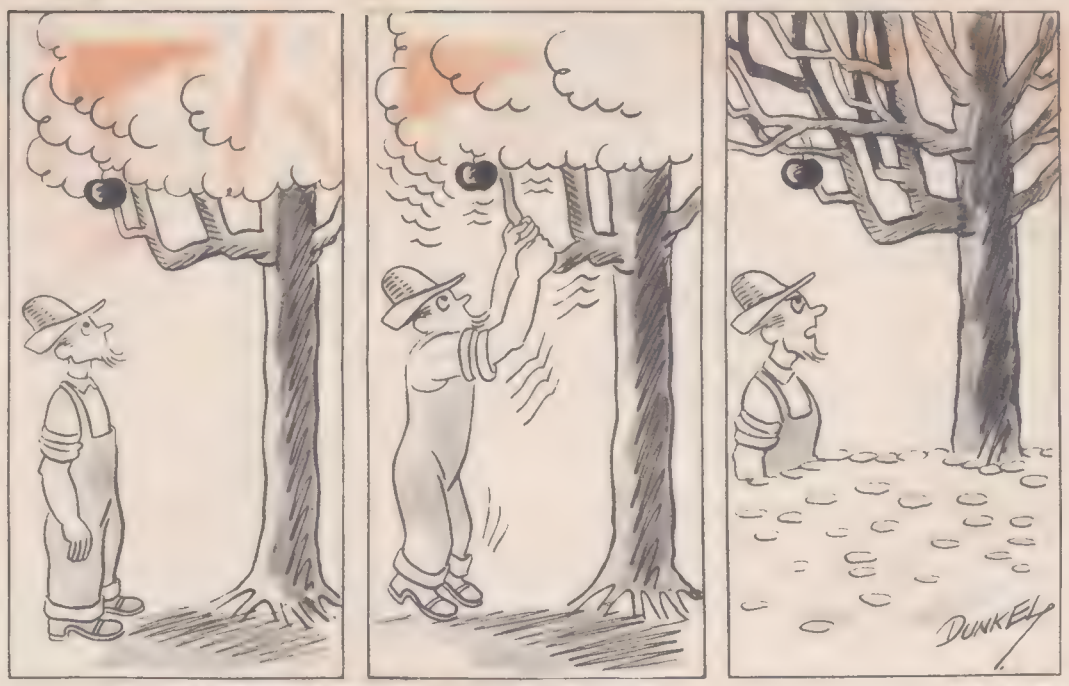
A MAN AND A FOUNTAIN

by A. C. BARRETT

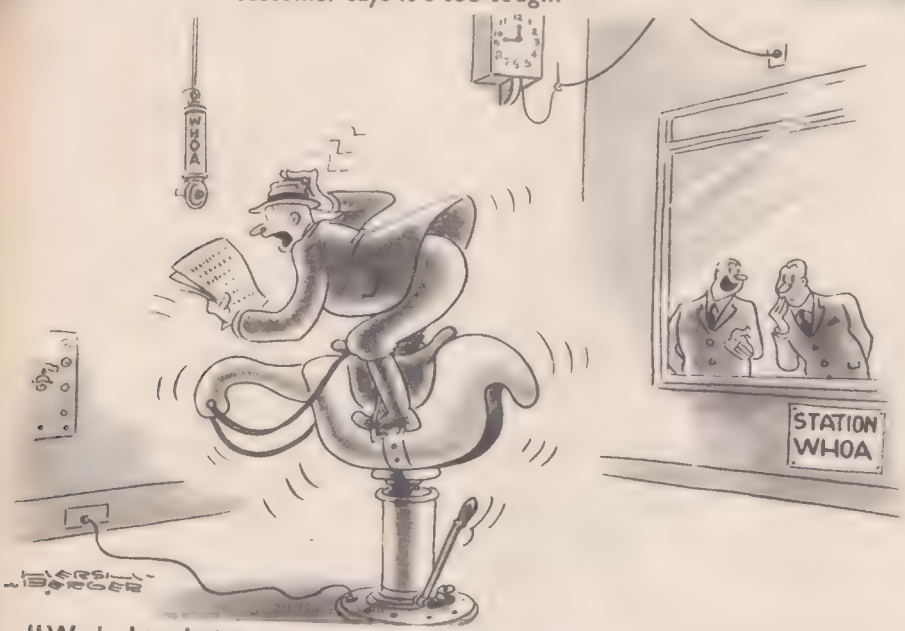




"Do you mind if I leave this steak here for a few minutes? The customer says it's too tough."



"I keep stepping back on it."

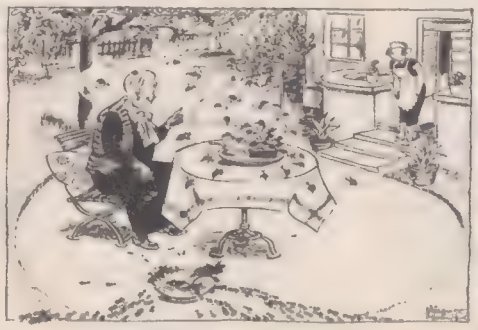


"We had to do it to get some pep into his recital of 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'."

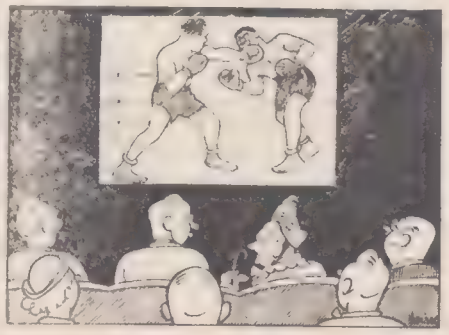
"The directors little know what a bombshell's goin' to be dropped on 'em at the next board meetin'."
"Why, what's goin' to 'appen?"
"I'm leavin'."

"One of our blokes dug up a diamond yesterday."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

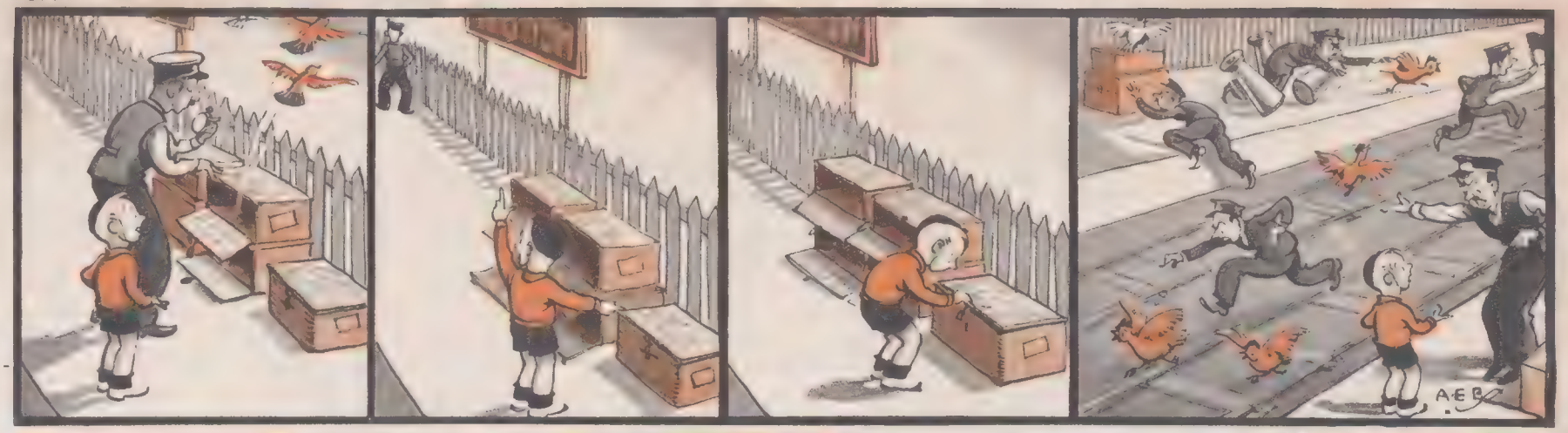


"Bertha, bring a piece of chocolate cake for the wasps and some more raspberry jam for the ants."
—*Der Lustige Sachse*, Leipsig.



Old Lady: "Excuse me, but can you tell me what they are quarrelling about?"—*Die Grune Post*, Berlin.

CHIP

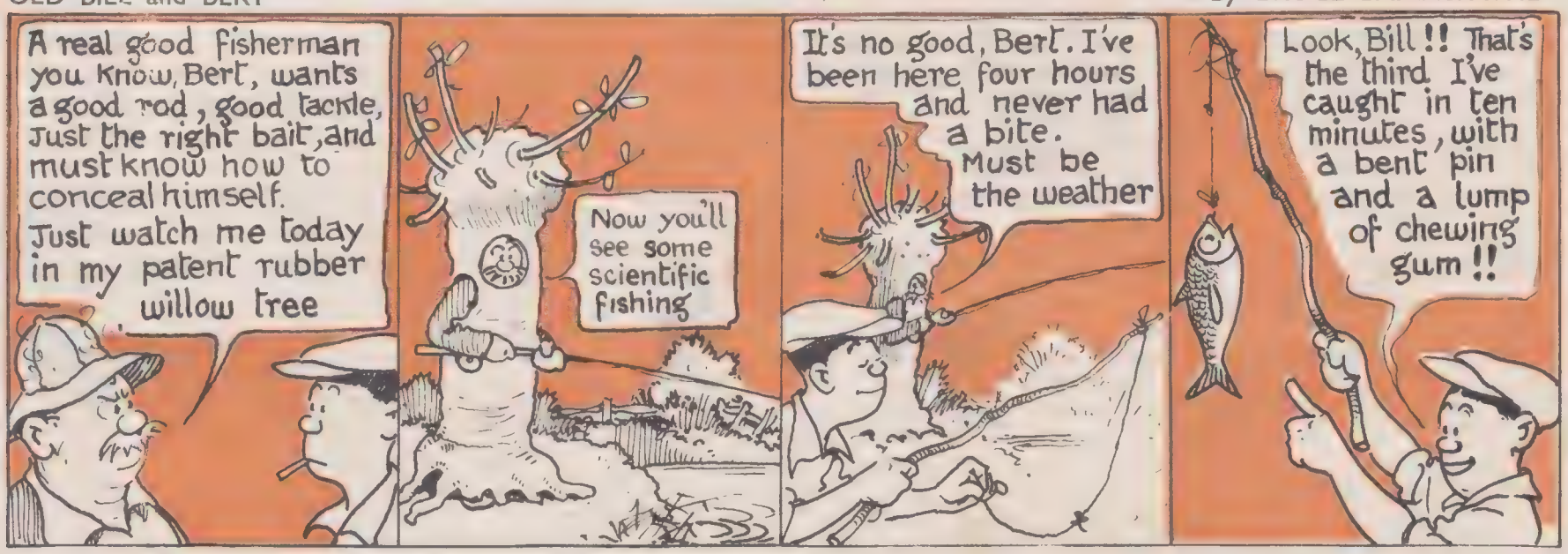


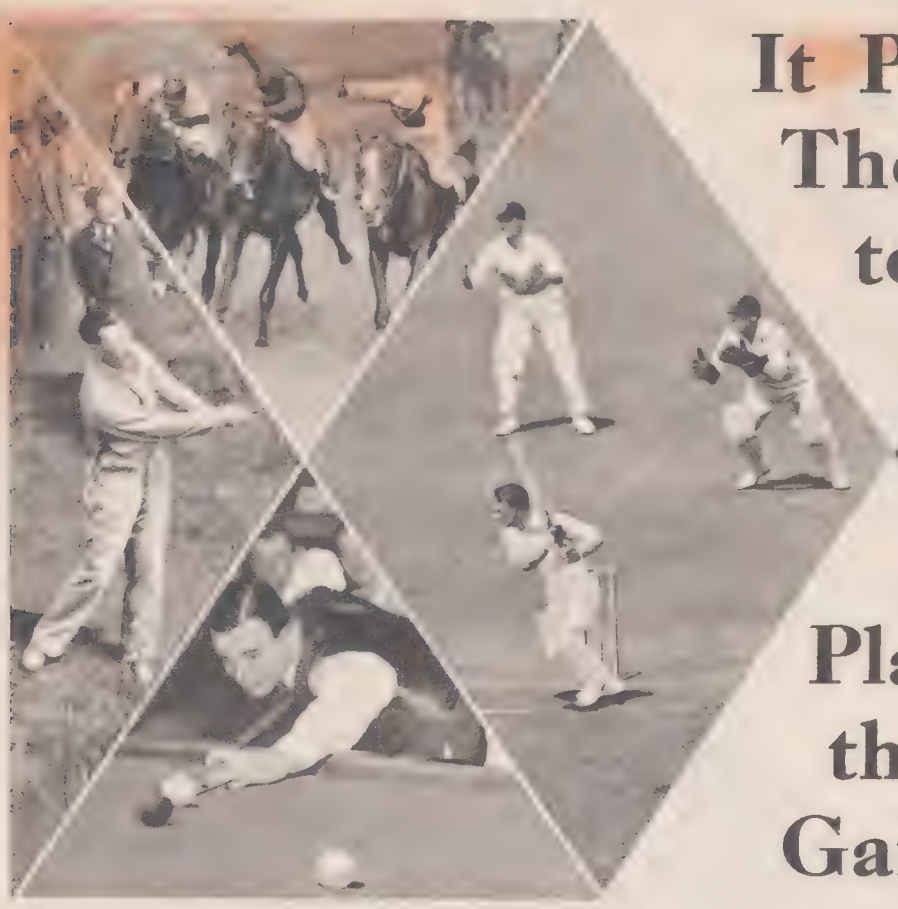
MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL says "WOT A LIFE!"

These surrealist artists are quite a cute lot,
Tho often one hears folk haranque them
But they do sign their works in the usual spot
So we'll know the way up we should hang them!

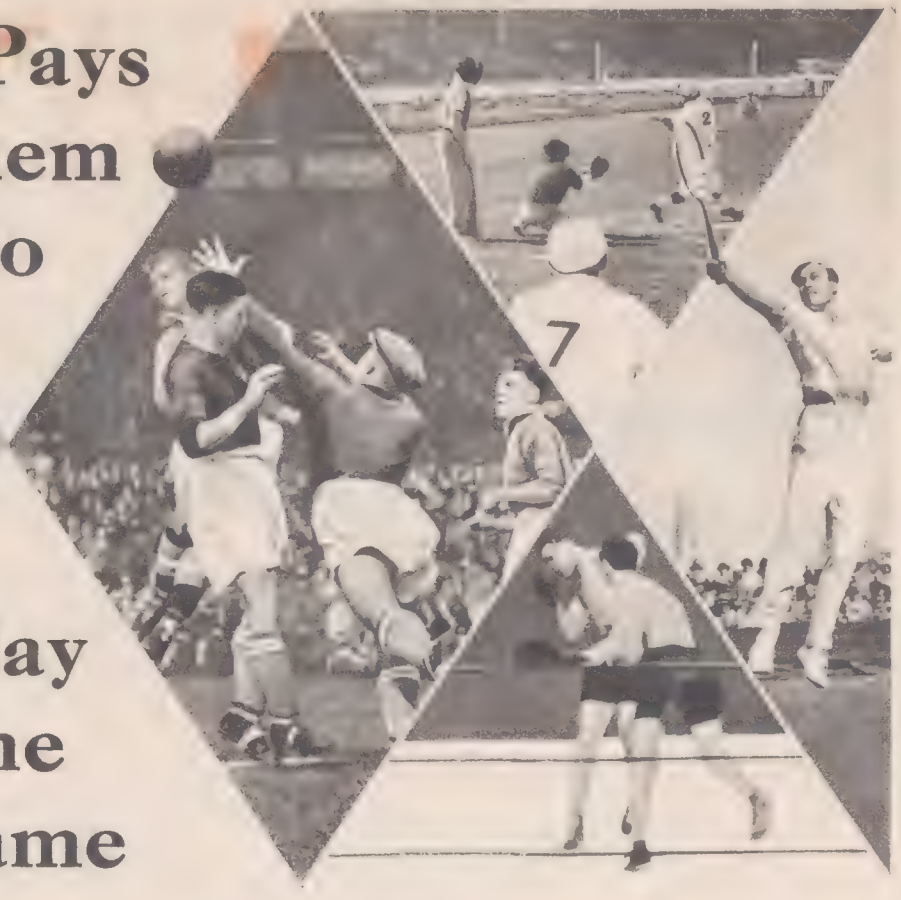
"Fine children I've got—afraid of their own father."

OLD BILL and BERT — By BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER





It Pays Them to Play the Game



by JOHN CUMBERLAND

MANY a young man, tired after a day's work at the docks, takes a hiding in the local boxing ring at night for a purse of five shillings; and as the iron fist of some bitter opponent jars his nervous system into the unknown he dreams of the day when he'll be getting a fortune to be put to sleep.

When Schmeling's fist crashed home, Louis, the negro, hit the stars to the tune of £27,000; Tunney made a million dollars; Dempsey and Carpentier once shared £100,000 for a night's fight; Kid Lewis made more than £50,000; and Braddock, holder of the world's heavy-weight championship, reputed to be making £30,000 a year, is paid £600 for jumping into a ring to let the crowd see what a fighter looks like.

This big money is all very tempting to the lad with a pair of good fists and a fighter's grit, but there is a big gap even between the five shilling a night purse and the £600 that they paid Kid Berg for defending his title. Top-notchers deserve their earnings, for to hit the high spots they've had to risk even blindness. Like Jimmy Wilde, they've probably had to fight half a dozen men in a day for ten shillings; they've shortened their lives and sold themselves to the game. But the boys who fall by the ringside, unable to make the grade, are the tragedies of sport of whom we never hear while we cheer the champions.

Jockeys, cricketers, footballers, golfers—they all make their fortunes if they are lucky, but there are hundreds of lesser stars who, even though they are paid to play, never take a lot out of the game, at least not half as much as the game takes out of them.

Whatever he earns out of a game, your first-class player really earns his money. The physical and nervous strain of his job during the season is intense, and his "life" as a player in any case is comparatively short. A man can be more efficient as a bank clerk at fifty-five than at twenty-five; he will be as good a mechanic and a better business manager, but he won't be a "top-notch" cricketer or footballer at that age.

A short life and a merry one, and, in the matter of pay, a reasonable income and no more. The cricketer who lives by the game is exceptional if he makes more than £400 a year. Some of this will be regular pay, some special match fees, and after some years of first-class county cricket a benefit match may bring in as much as £1,500 to £3,000 for him to put away against the day when regular county matches are things he only talks about. There is, also, additional money to be earned for trips abroad. If he goes to Australia he will probably receive £400, expenses and pocket money.

More coaching jobs are provided for the cricketer's days of retirement than there are for most footballers. High fees have been offered to some county cricketers for coaching abroad, and a good steady income is to be made as coach to county, to school, and to university teams.

Cricket is much more concerned with local patriotism than is Association football. Some counties will secure good players irrespective of their county; others believe in "Notts for Notts men," "Yorkshire for Yorkshiremen," "Derby for Derby men," and their teams are not open to cricketers who are not county-born. Whether he plays for his own county or for another, the first-class cricketer has a good life, a job he loves, and a reasonably good income. If he is a Yorkshire player he will be getting between £10 and £15; if he is a member of Kent's team it will be between £8 and £10.

Test selectors and club authorities are always looking for new players of first-class quality. A minor county match or a little-known club match may set rumour flying, and the play of another bowler or batsman will begin to be watched for possibilities.

When Arsenal beat Sheffield United in the Cup Final it might have been said that a £70,000 team beat an £8,000 team, for that is what it cost these two clubs to assemble their players. There is more in it than that or Aston Villa, which acquired seven new players last season at a cost of more than £40,000, paying £9,000 for the transfer of C. Phillips from Wolverhampton Wanderers, would not now be in the League's Second Division, after an unbroken membership of the First Division ever since the League started.

These players who are worth hundreds, even thousands of pounds in transfer fees, and whose team-work attracts thousands of pounds of gate-money in a season, average about £8 a week. They have a dozen years or so of good pay, and after that can possibly look forward to a well-paid job as trainer or as club secretary or manager.

There is romance in the game, too. Sheffield United's amazing success last season in playing twenty-two League and Cup matches without being defeated and meeting Arsenal in the Cup Final was due to some extent to Smith, the goal-keeper, to David Steele, the trainer, to J. E. Davison, the manager, and to twenty-five year old Johnson at centre half. Johnson joined United at seventeen and did not cost the club a penny; neither did Smith nor Pickering, who joined as a boy of sixteen.

Dell was unemployed, when his play for Dartford Football Club in a League match led to his receiving an offer to play for West Ham as a professional. Swindin, whom Arsenal signed on to understudy Wilson, is only twenty-one and was discovered by Bradford City playing in a Y.M.C.A. team three years ago. He was given a place in Bradford City in 1935; he is now worth £4,000 to Arsenal.

Any player of real skill may catch the eye of a big club if his play is being talked about, and a "scout" or two will be sent along to watch him in the field. If all goes well, next will come the club manager, the crucial interview and a new name goes on to the books of a famous team.

For really big money we must turn to American baseball teams of which certain crack players receive from £3,000 to £14,000 a year. Compare this with the British footballers' pay. But what footballer or cricketer could ever hope to earn what Ely Culbertson, famous American bridge player, makes out of his game? He says his income is at least a million dollars a year. Still, he works sixteen to eighteen hours a day for it, playing bridge, giving lessons by correspondence, writing newspaper articles, and doing intensive coaching.

What team player could hope to match the record of £400,000 that Tunney collected from two fights with Jack Dempsey. Many boxers have been paid £1,500 to £4,000 for three to ten minutes work, but the rider of a Derby winner thinks himself fortunate to get £1,000 to £1,500 for three minutes work.

Gordon Richards makes £10,000 a year, several others make £5,000 and for the rest the fairly successful earn between £750 and £1,000 a year. This may seem a lot but it is nothing compared with the fortunes made each year out of this £25,000,000 industry.

Billiards professionals are among those who earn modest fees for their play. The average man or woman (there are a few women professionals such as Miss Joyce Gardner and Miss Thelma Carpenter) reckons to make about £350 a year, and star players consider themselves lucky to make as much as £800 or £1,000.

Alfred Padgham, Sundridge Park professional golfer, has recently made history by pulling off three big prizes in a few months, collecting more than £1,000. But the English professional golfer gets meagre pay compared with his American colleague. A really good man in England attached to a first-class club will earn about £300 to £600 a year with a prize or two thrown in, but Walter Hagen, American golf professional, has been known to collect £12,000 in a year from his game. It is the same with tennis professionals.

American tennis professionals earn more than some of our Cabinet Ministers. Tilden is reputed to have made £100,000 but in this country a professional of first rank often gets less than a successful schoolmaster.

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THE LEGACY MURDERS
by FRANCIS BEEDING

READ THIS FIRST

Valerie Beauchamp, best-seller novelist, is murdered four days after her discovery that she has been hoaxed by fellow members of a literary society, the Esoterics, into believing that one of her readers has fallen in love with her. Even though she was demented on hearing that the Esoterics had been reading her passionate love letters, her will shows that she has left £200 a year to each of them. If any of them dies, his income is to be shared by the others. Then there starts a reign of terror. Of the six members of the Esoterics, Adelaide Tring is poisoned, Frederick Reeves is shot and Councillor Joshua Stanton is stabbed, while the others, Naomi Garnett, Cyril Sidebotham, and Edward Calcott, the bogus lover, are being keenly watched by Scotland Yard. Eventually Edward Calcott is arrested and brought to trial accused of committing the four murders. He says Naomi Garnett sent a note asking that he should meet her where Stanton was killed. Now read on.

Do You Recognise

"NOW Miss Garnett," the voice of the Attorney-General was smooth and kind, "I want you to throw your mind back to the evening of June 12th. You received a visit after dinner from Inspector Crosby of Scotland Yard?"

"I did."

"What was the object of that visit?"

"He showed me a letter, signed by me, which had been received that morning by Mr. Calcott."

The Attorney-General took a sheet of paper from the desk in front of him. It

"Is that the letter?"

"It is."

The Attorney-General waited until the letter was handed back to him.

"With your permission I will read this letter to the jury," he said.

"I shall be on the common by the wood this evening at about 8 o'clock "he read."Meet me there if you can. I shall come up on to the North road by way of the flagstaff. So make an effort. Things are quite awful at home. We must talk things over somewhere where it is quiet.

"NAOMI."

The Attorney-General turned back to the witness.

"When Inspector Crosby showed you that letter, you made a statement?"

"I did."

"You told him that you had not written it?"

"I did."

"And that your signature was a forgery?"

"I did."

"Are you now prepared to confirm that statement?"

There was a short silence.

"No," she said firmly, "I am not."

Sir Robert Lorrimer, taken aback for a moment, recovered himself. He leaned forward.

"Come, Miss Garnett," he said kindly. "I know that it must be extremely painful to you to confirm in presence of the prisoner a statement which adds appreciably to the burden of evidence against him. I have already drawn attention to the significance of this part of the case, but I must ask you to put all that from your mind. It is your duty here to speak the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"For that reason I cannot repeat here the statement I made to Inspector Crosby. The statement was false. I did write that letter. My signature, as you see, is at the bottom of the page, and it was as a result of that letter that the prisoner was walking on the common on the evening of Whit Monday."

The Attorney-General looked sternly at the witness.

"You persist in that assertion?"

"I do."

The Attorney-General turned to Mr. Justice Burrows.

"I must ask leave, my lord," he said, "to treat this witness as a hostile witness. Her evidence now is in flat contradiction with her statement to the police."

Sir Henry Grey, Counsel for the Defence, rose to his feet.

"My lord, I object. The witness has come here to state the truth."

"That, your lordship, is precisely why I am asking leave to treat her as a hostile witness."

"I note the admission that truth is the enemy of the learned Attorney-General."

A ripple of laughter ran round the court, instantly quelled by the ushers.

"I cannot sustain your objection," said Mr. Justice Burrows. "Please continue, Mr. Attorney."

Sir Robert Lorrimer rose and faced the witness.

"You wish to tell the Court that on the evening of the crime you made a false statement to the police?"

"I did not know that a crime had been committed. I had no idea that my statement would be of any real importance."

The Attorney-General levelled a swift, accusing finger.

"I would ask, Miss Garnett, whether you are prepared to tell the Court why you made to the police what you now allege to be a false statement concerning the letter which you have since decided to claim as of your own composition."

I had, as I said before, no idea of its importance and I did not wish it to be known that I was meeting the prisoner by appointment."

"Why did you not wish it to be known?"

"My parents did not approve of these meetings."

The Attorney-General paused a moment and then continued.

"You now ask us to believe that you wrote this letter. You stated to the police that you did not write it, that you never posted it and that the signature at the foot of it was a forgery. All these statements were untrue?"

"They were. I'm flattered you find it so difficult to believe that I can tell a lie."

Again there was laughter in court, but the Attorney-General did not relax.

"You made these false statements allowed them to be put in evidence. That, I take leave to think, is a serious matter. You now put forward as an explanation that your parents were likely to disapprove of your meeting a friend in a place of public resort. Does that explanation strike you as adequate?"

"It is the only explanation I have to offer."

The Attorney-General consulted his notes.

"We will assume then that you wrote to the prisoner asking him to meet you that evening on the common?"

"That is so."

"Why, then, did you not keep the appointment?"

That then, was the man who purchased the knife?" asked the Attorney - General. The witness paused, "Yes sir"

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK M. FAULKS

That Man?

sure she was lying. Not that he blamed her. She had been obliged to choose between committing perjury and helping to hang her sweetheart. She had chosen the former, as would any woman of spirit. He had been sorry for the girl—a silly little thing who was to all appearances making matters worse for the man she was trying to save. For her statement would be disproved and the case of Edward Calcott be more desperate than ever

Inspector Martin, who had not been idle during the luncheon interval, was now a wiser and a sadder man. Accompanied by Pritchett, the Yard expert in the identification of typewriters, he had paid a flying visit to the house of Canon Garnett. There, in Naomi's workroom, he had found her machine and it had been the work of a minute to type a facsimile of the letter which she claimed to have written to Edward Calcott.

And a facsimile it had proved to be—in every particular. Miss Naomi Garnett's evidence in court was in fact substantiated. *The letter had undoubtedly been composed on her own machine.*

The Attorney - General was on his feet. In his hand he held a paper which Martin recognised—Pritchett's report on the results of their visit to the rectory.

"My lord," he said, "I proposed this morning to continue the examination of Miss Garnett. She has therefore been called, but it is for another purpose. Information has since come to light which in fairness to my learned friend, Counsel for the Defence, and to the witness herself, should at once be communicated to the members of the jury, and I would ask your lordship to decide as to the method of communication."

Mr. Justice Burrows looked at the Attorney-General.

"You have a statement in your hand, Mr. Attorney?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then perhaps the simplest plan would be for you to read it to the Court."

"As your lordship pleases."

The Attorney-General adjusted his spectacles.

"The statement," he continued, "is signed by Inspector George Martin, the officer in charge of the case at Scotland Yard. I will read it exactly as set down :

"In view of the evidence given this morning upon oath by Miss Naomi Garnett, witness in the case, I proceeded with Mr. Pritchett, expert in the identification of typescript, to The Rosary, the house in Highwood of the Rev. Canon Garnett. There we examined the machine on which the witness alleged she had typed the letter received by the prisoner on the morning of Whit Monday, June 12th. A copy of the letter typed on that machine was found to be in all respects identical with the original. The identification is clear to anyone who compares the two examples. Not only do individual worn letters exactly correspond—special attention is directed to the letters 'h,' 'p' and 'q,' which were quite obviously made by the same machine. The alignment is also identical in both cases. The statement that the witness typed the original letter on that typewriter is therefore substantiated".

The Attorney-General put down the statement which he had read.

"That is all I have to say, your lordship—except that I would express regret at this most unfortunate incident which, I am bound to point out, could never have occurred but for the original statement made by the witness to the police which would now, as she maintained this morning, appear to have been false."

"You are James Busby of 193 Seven Sisters Road?"

"Yes, sir."

"The proprietor of an ironmonger's shop?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please hand the witness Exhibit 14."

Mrs. Pyecroft suppressed a shiver as the knife, which glinted suddenly in a shaft of pale July sunlight, was carried by the usher between finger and thumb and laid before Mr. Busby.

"Do you identify that knife?"

Mr. Busby picked it up and looked at it closely.

"Yes, sir," he said and laid it down.

"When did you last see it, Mr. Busby?"

"It was on Friday, June 9th last, sir, when I sold it to a customer."

The Attorney-General nodded.

"I remember the knife quite well," continued Mr. Busby. "It was the last of its kind that I had in stock and I was glad to get rid of it."

The Attorney-General put back his gown.

"Now, Mr. Busby," he continued, "do you see in this court the person to whom you sold that knife?"

The witness, a little man with greying hair, straightened himself from the box and looked directly at the prisoner. Everyone else, noted Mrs. Pyecroft, was also gazing at the figure in the dock.

"Stand up, please, prisoner at the bar," came the quiet voice of Mr. Justice Burrows.

Slowly Edward Calcott got to his feet. The silence was absolute.

"That is the man I identified when the police asked me to come to Scotland Yard, sir," Mr. Busby said at last.

The Attorney-General nodded.

"That, then, was the man who purchased the knife?"

"Yes, sir," said the witness, after pausing for the fraction of a second.

"Thank you."

The Attorney-General sat down.

Sir Henry Grey, Counsel for the Defence, rose to his feet.

"You have identified the prisoner as being the man who purchased the knife which is Exhibit Number 14?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Busby, at what time did the man whom you allege to be the prisoner enter your shop to buy the knife?"

The witness wrinkled his forehead a moment.

"About seven o'clock, sir," he said at last.

"At seven in the evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, sir. I remember I was having my tea at the time."

"And you have your tea at seven o'clock in the evening?"

"It's what you would call high tea, sir," said Mr. Busby.

Sir Henry nodded.

"Was there a light in your shop?"

"No, sir."

"There was no artificial light of any kind?"

"No, sir."

"Could you see your customer distinctly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Yet is was past seven o'clock in the evening, Mr. Busby?"

"It is still quite light at seven o'clock, sir—it being six o'clock by rights along o' this daylight saving."

"I am aware of that, Mr. Busby."

Sir Henry, seemed very quiet and cool.

"Can you tell me," he asked next, "what sort of day it was when the person whom you allege to be the accused purchased the knife?"

There was a pause. Mr. Busby scratched the back of his head.

"Can't say I remember that," he said. "Just an ordinary sort of day, I suppose."

(*continued on next page*)

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Continuing THE LEGACY MURDERS

"Let me refresh your memory, Mr. Busby. On Friday, June 9th, a heavy thunderstorm occurred over North-west London. Do you remember that?"

Mr. Busby's eyes brightened.

"I do remember it now, sir. The rain came down something dreadful."

Sir Henry nodded.

"And if the officials of the Weather Bureau are right—I propose to call them later, my lord—the storm lasted"—here Sir Henry glanced a moment at his brief—"from 6.43 to 7.29 p.m. That is to say it was at its height when the customer entered your shop."

Mr. Busby nodded.

"I remember now, sir. He was a bit wet, for he hadn't got a mackintosh."

"We will come to the appearance of your customer later, Mr. Busby. What I am now concerned to know is whether in your shop at the time of purchase the visibility was good or bad. It would seem that there were heavy clouds and that it was raining?"

"Yes, sir."

"It was therefore very much darker than usual?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it not a fact that your shop is not well lighted on even an ordinary normal day?"

"There are always a good many things in the window, sir. But one gets used to it being on the dark side."

"May we infer, Mr. Busby, that you did not see your customer distinctly on the occasion with which we are concerned?"

There was a moment's pause.

"No, sir—not as well as I can see you now."

"This customer, whom you did not see so well as you see me now, entered your shop during a heavy thunderstorm. What exactly did he do?"

"He walked to the counter and asked for a knife."

"He made no remark about the weather?"

"No, sir."

"He was facing you across the counter?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have here a plan of your shop, Mr. Busby. It shows that your customer, in facing you across the counter, would have his back to the light—what little light there was. Is that correct?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me now, Mr. Busby, how was your customer dressed?"

"He wore a darkish sort of suit, sir."

"Was it a black suit?"

"It might have been black, sir."

"Or it might have been dark grey?"

"Yes, sir."

"Or dark blue?"

"I couldn't say, sir."

"What did the customer wear upon his head, Mr. Busby?"

"A hat, sir."

There was a faint titter.

"I see. You noticed that he wore a hat. What kind of hat?"

"A very ordinary sort of squash hat, sir."

"What colour was this ordinary sort of hat, Mr. Busby?"

Mr. Busby passed the handkerchief in his hand across his face.

"I couldn't swear to the exact colour. It was a darkish hat."

"Would you say that he was wearing a black hat?"

"I couldn't say it was black, sir."

Sir Henry Grey seemed to be enjoying himself. Mr. Busby, quite obviously, was not.

"We come now to the face of this customer who was wearing a suit of uncertain colour and a very ordinary hat which, in the imperfect light, seemed to you to be a darkish hat. Would you, perhaps, without staring too obviously at the prisoner, care to give the Court a description of his features?"

Mr. Busby, whose eyes had turned towards the dock, looked hastily away again.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm not very good at description."

"Then perhaps you will allow me to help you. You would describe it, perhaps, as a very ordinary face."

"Nothing much to notice, sir. But he was wearing a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles."

Sir Henry Grey nodded slowly.

"A pair of horn-rimmed spectacles. Were they in any way remarkable?"

"No, sir. Just an ordinary pair of horn-rimmed spectacles."

"I see, Mr. Busby. Would you cast your eyes round the court and tell me how many persons you see attending this trial either in an official capacity or as spectators who are wearing a pair of ordinary horn-rimmed spectacles—apart, of course, from the accused?"

There was a long pause. Mr. Busby's wavering eye swept the assembly. Helen Pyecroft glanced at her fellow members of the jury. No less than two of them were, she noted wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. Mr. Busby's lips were moving cumbrously as he counted.

"Seventeen or eighteen, sir."

"Thank you, Mr. Busby. I make it twenty-one. Shall we, perhaps, split the difference and call it twenty?"

Sir Henry smiled genially at his victim.

"It would seem, Mr. Busby, that in these days the wearing of horn-rimmed spectacles is now a very distinctive feature."

"No, sir."

Sir Henry Grey, dropping his playful manner, looked very sternly at Mr. Busby.

"You would not, I am sure, be prepared to put a man in peril of his life on the ground that on the 9th June last he was wearing an ordinary pair of horn-rimmed spectacles?"

The Attorney-General rose.

"My lord, I object. That is not, in my view, a proper question to put to the witness."

Mr. Justice Burrows waved a slim hand.

"It is doubtless the object of learned Counsel for the Defence to impress upon the witness the extreme importance of his evidence."

Sir Henry bowed. Then he turned back to the witness.

"We are now beginning to get a rather clearer idea of your customer, Mr. Busby. He wore an ordinary dark suit, the colour of which you do not remember. He also wore a very ordinary hat, the colour of which you are unable to recall. Lastly, he was wearing a pair of ordinary horn-rimmed spectacles similar to those worn by no less than twenty persons here present. Did you, perhaps, notice anything else at all distinctive? His nose, for example?"

Mr. Busby shook his head.

"I didn't notice, sir," he answered.

"His mouth?"

Mr. Busby again shook his head.

"I didn't notice that either, sir."

"Did he, for example, wear a moustache?"

"No, sir. I do not think he wore a moustache."

"You do not *think* he wore a moustache?"

"I should have noticed it, if he had, sir."

"I see. You do not *think* he wore a moustache because you did not notice it. Is there anything else you remember?"

"I can't say that I do, sir."

"One more question, Mr. Busby. How came it that, though you are unable to remember anything distinctive about your customer, except of course that he was wearing an ordinary pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, you had no hesitation in picking out the accused at the identification parade which was held over a week later?"

"I did pick him out, sir, if that's what you mean."

"Are you now as certain of his identity as you were then?"

There was a pause. Mr. Busby moistened his lips with his tongue. Then his head went back again.

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"You *think* so, Mr. Busby."

There was an unpleasant note in the voice of Sir Henry Grey.

"You are here on your oath, Mr. Busby. Are you prepared positively to swear that you have not the slightest doubt in your mind, despite the very vague description that you are able to give of your customer, that he and the accused are one and the same man?"

There was again a pause.

"Well, sir, if it comes to swearing . . ." he began.

"Yes, Mr. Busby?"

"I would not like to swear to it," concluded the witness.

Sir Henry Grey put back his gown in the familiar fashion.

"Thank you, Mr. Busby. That, my lord, concludes my cross-examination."

Mr. Percy Clive looked resentfully at the man who had just entered the witness-box and was being sworn. Another of these formalities. The Attorney-General had promised to show that Frederick Reeves had been killed with a bullet fired from the pistol found at Baffin's Court, and here, it seemed, was the expert to prove it. Obviously the police wouldn't say a thing like that unless it was true. So why bother? On such a hot day, too. Mr. Clive didn't envy the Judge sitting there in his heavy robes hour after hour like a waxwork—except that he was taking notes and came to life very suddenly every now and then.

What was the witness saying?

"I have examined the automatic pistol produced. It is a Smith-Webley of .250 calibre."

Mr. Percy Clive nodded drowsily. He would be here to the end of the week as things were going. This was the third day of the trial and the defence not yet started. How long that would take nobody could say, but Sir Henry Grey was bound to put up a good show. He always did. Then there was the summing-up. Lucky if he got away in time to see Chelsea and Tottenham Hotspur on Saturday.

"You are quite certain, Mr. Clinker, that the bullet which killed Frederick Reeves, subsequently found in his car, was fired from this weapon?"

"There is no possible doubt, sir."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Bullets discharged from any firearm carry markings made by the rifled barrel in transit. Those markings are quite distinct and they are never the same as between two different weapons."

"So that no two pistols, even of the same make, ever make the same marks?"

"No, sir."

"Whereas the marks made by the same pistol on any number of bullets are invariably the same?"

"Yes, sir. I have here microscopic photographs of the marks made by the pistol on the bullet found in the car and on a bullet which we subsequently fired from the pistol found at Baffin's Court. You will see that they are absolutely identical."

Here the witness produced a large envelope which was passed to the jury.

Mr. Percy Clive regarded the photographs somewhat perfunctorily. They didn't convey very much to him—rather like two dark cocoons with scratches upon them in white. But the scratches corresponded. The two reproductions might have been tracings one of the other.

That was a facer. There was no getting away from these experts.

"Thank you, Mr. Clinker."

Sir Henry Grey rose to his feet. Mr. Percy Clive looked at him hopefully. Sir Henry usually had something up his sleeve.

"I have no questions to put to the witness, my lord," said Counsel for the Defence briefly.

Mr. Percy Clive sat back again. So that was how the land lay. Least said, soonest mended. Sensible man, Sir Henry. At least he knew when he was beaten.

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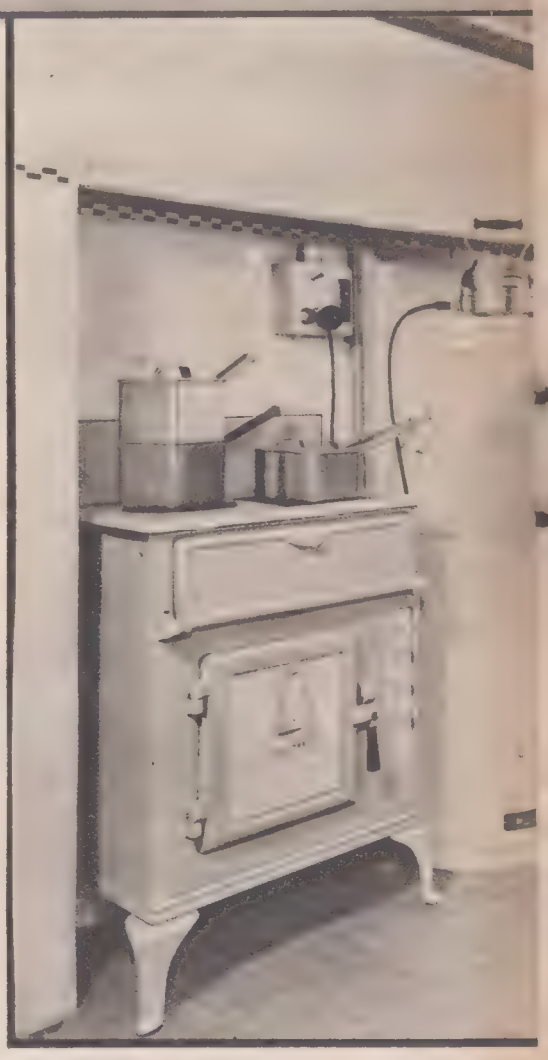

WOMAN to WOMAN by Isabel Aldridge

I PASSED a floury hand across my over-heated brow and sank wearily into a chair. "That's ready for baking," I said, indicating the strawberry tart just finished. "Is it always as hot as this in the kitchen?"

As I heard Mary close the oven door with a decisive bang and draw a deep breath, I knew the question was a mistake.

"This, madam," she said, with the air of one who is at last being given a hearing, "is quite cool to what it is on Sundays when the master has to have hot roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, two vegetables, boiled suet pudding and a drop of soup, no matter what the weather. And then, of course, I have to keep the boiler going so as there's hot water for baby's bath and nurse's washing. When there's a heat wave, it's 'orrible."

It was really a shock to me to hear my kitchen referred to as "'orrible". Seven years ago, when Stanley and I had planned the house with such loving care, we had given special thought to the kitchen. We realised that it was the hub of most household activities, and must be as convenient and comfortable as possible. It was amply provided with cupboards and windows, and had always seemed a model kitchen.

Maid Didn't Like It

Our enthusiasm, it was apparent, was not shared by Mary.

"I know, of course, that baby has to have his bath every day," went on Mary, who by now was having a thoroughly enjoyable time, "but it seems hard to have to sit in a Turkish bath after you've done a hard day's work."

I agreed that I could think of pleasanter occupations on a hot summer evening, but suggested mildly that the back door might be left open to minimise the Turkish bath effect.

"Cats!" responded Mary, crisply, "hundreds of 'em! They'd be in like a flash."

That the open door would be very inviting to stray cats, I conceded, although I felt that Mary was exaggerating in expecting them to arrive in hundreds. However, even one stray cat was one too many in the kitchen.

"If we had a refrigerator," my remorseless handmaiden continued, "p'raps the master would eat a little iced *consommé* instead of hot soup, and a tasty *chicken chaudfroid* occasionally in the summer, and I'm sure he'd like a *bombe glacé* now and then."

I stared open-mouthed at Mary. It is true I had had no cause to complain of the good plain cooking she had accomplished during her brief employment by me, but any hint on my part of something a little more ambitious than Scotch broth for the soup course, beef for the joint, or stewed lamb for entrée, had until this moment been met with such bland imbecility as to discourage the mere mention of anything but the simplest dishes.

Stanley agreed with me that a maid who was capable of *chicken chaudfroid* was definitely to be encouraged. The kitchen should be made as cool as a leafy glade, albeit as bright as a tiny stretch of golden sun-washed seashore.

The young man I interviewed at the electricity offices next morning seemed to think that the first step toward the leafy glade idea was the installation of an electric immersion heater.

It seemed that we were no longer to be at the mercy of Mary's struggle for supremacy with the boiler fire for hot baths in the morning. I felt a little light-headed at the prospect, but managed to retain sufficient self-control to enquire about refrigerators.

As the company was willing to let us take five years to pay for one, which worked out to less a week than we spent on buying ice-cream, it seemed foolhardy not to order it immediately.

Gauze Door

I chose a stream-line model, dazzling in its purity of snow-white porcelain and beauty of outline. It had special trays for making little ice-cubes and a compartment for ice-cream. Already I could hear the tinkle of the ice as it slithered into the glasses of refreshing fruit drinks which we would serve upon the lawn on warm, sunny afternoons; and I could almost taste the pistachio flavour of one of Mary's very special *bombe glacés* which now, of course, would round off so many delightful little dinners.

While the immersion heater was being installed, I had the walls, above the tiles, stripped of paper and painted in a delicate shade of primrose yellow. The glossy surface made the kitchen brighter immediately.

Stanley, who is quite skilful when working under expert direction, made a wire gauze door to cover the existing back door. It was really just a wooden frame on hinges, with the gauze drawn tightly over

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in the KITCHEN

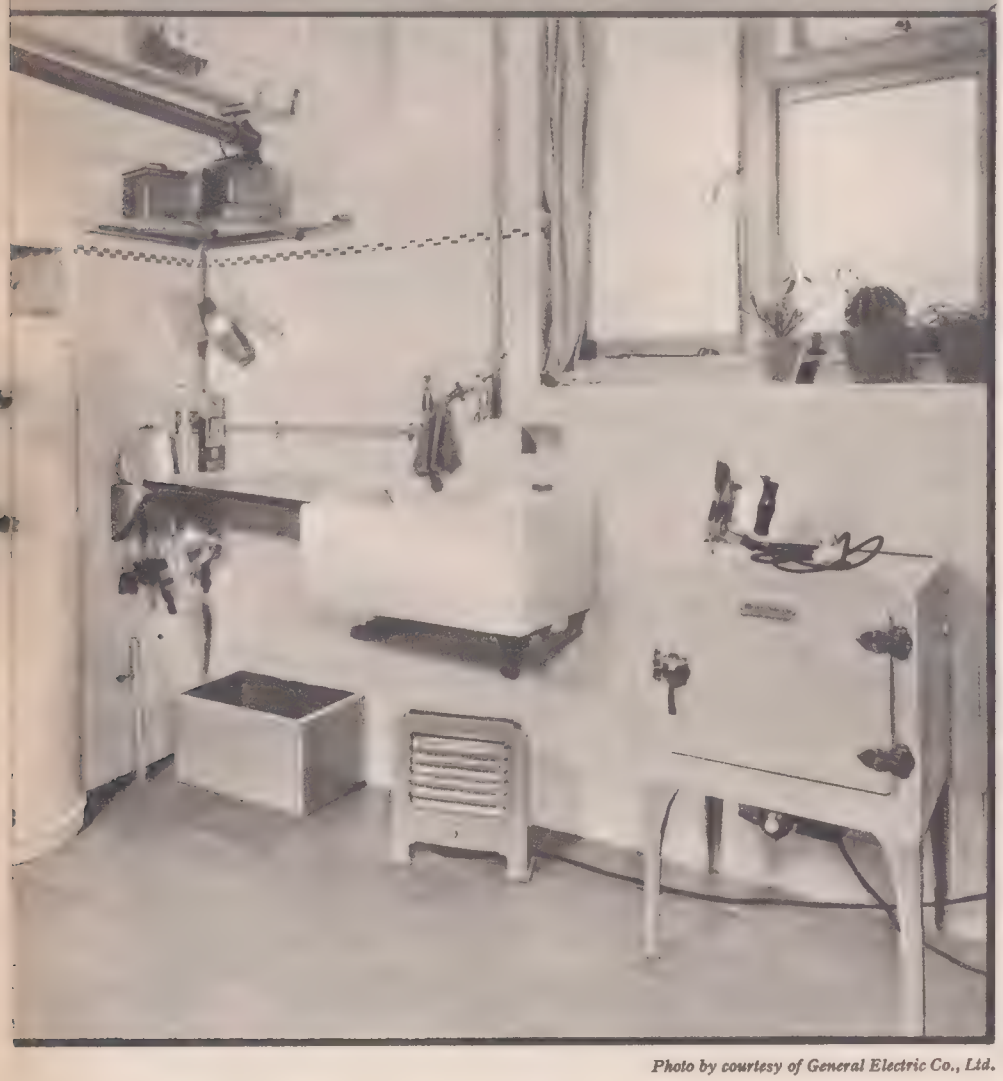

Photo by courtesy of General Electric Co., Ltd.

"I turned my attention to the curtains . . . took up the rugs from the floor . . . replaced the lino with a pattern that created the illusion of cold white tiles . . ."

its surface. It closed with a button catch. On summer evenings, with the outer door open, a delightful view of the garden could be glimpsed through the fine mesh of the wire.

"Bad for the eyes," was Mary's comment.

With a sigh, I turned my attention to curtains. I took down the check gingham which had done duty, winter and summer, for the past three years, and replaced them with shimmering folds of primrose oiled silk.

A wide band of silver appliquéd at the bottom and repeated in the valance, thrust swords of glittering light on to the snowy surface of the refrigerator which had just arrived.

I took up all the coconut matting rugs from the floor, relegating them to the box room until required for a more suitable season of the year. I was almost pleased to see that the linoleum was wearing out in patches. I replaced it with a pattern that created the illusion of cold black and white tiles.

The only things now left in the kitchen that could possibly suggest heat were the cooker and the boiler. I spent weary hours puzzling over these very necessary household items before I hit on a solution.

I covered a threefold screen with primrose American cloth and appliquéd flower pictures on each side. When the day's cooking was over, this screen completely concealed both the cooker and the boiler and was most decorative in itself.

On a really tropical day, it is like entering a pleasant grotto to pay a visit to my kitchen. Waves of scented air drift in from the garden through the wire gauze door, mingling with the fragrance of the flowers in the vases upon the table and refrigerator. The fire is never lit, for the immersion heater does its work perfectly, producing hot water at the turn of a tap.

We spend a lot of time in the kitchen now. Apart from the fact that it is almost the pleasantest room in the house, we have a lot to do since Mary left us.

"I'm sorry, madam," she had said, firmly, when the ideal had become reality, "but I must have a homely kitchen. I do like to see a nice fire of an evening. It's so cosy."

Husband's Effort

I pointed out that the screen could be taken away and the fire lit, if she desired.

"Why have a screen, then?" Mary asked, devastatingly.

It appeared, after some discussion, that Mary had thoroughly approved of the kitchen as it had been before I improved it, and was certain that nothing could ever make her like it in its present form. She departed before we had so much as tasted her version of iced *consommé* or *chicken chaudfroid*.

But Stanley is a determined character. Making the most of his opportunities before the arrival of the new maid, he is at this moment studying a new copy of "Mrs. Beeton."

With an apron tied round his waist, and a chicken on the table before him, I can see by the expression on his face that it will not be long before we are sampling at least one of these luscious dishes.

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"4711," SLOUGH, BUCKS

A COMPLETE STORY *by* GILBERT HORSLER

Bacon scratched his head. "I must have picked up the wrong tin."

High Pressure Business

TAKING his cigar from his lips delicately between finger and thumb, Amos Benn placed it carefully on his desk and reached for a pen. At least those were his intentions . . . what really happened was that the cigar lovingly adhered to his finger for a moment, tottered for the fraction of a second on the edge of the desk, then fell floorwards.

Amos made a wild grab, caught the cigar, lighted end first, dropped it, and swore:

"Cuss the man who invented High Gloss," he growled, licking the palm of his hand. "We were in a mess with the stuff last time it came into fashion, and we are in a bigger one now."

In the effort to combine a heartfelt agreement with his father's sentiments and a full-throated chuckle at his misfortune, Phillip Benn produced a verbal effect which caused the manufacturer temporarily to forget his pain.

"You need to see a doctor," he observed caustically. "Two doctors. One for your head and one for your throat."

The reason for Benn's burnt hand and irritation was one that only a hat manufacturer would appreciate. Briefly, fashion had decreed that High Gloss—that process which makes a lady's hat look as shiny as an out-of-work actor's coat—should descend once more like a blight on the trade.

A straw hat with a High Gloss finish looks nice, lasts about five minutes, and brings the bald head of the manufacturer prematurely to the grave.

Of all finishes, it is the one of which perfection is the most difficult to obtain, and, in its early stages of production, it is perhaps the stickiest thing in all creation to handle. Many washes fail to remove the adhesiveness from a hand that has once been contaminated.

"The trouble is," grumbled Benn, after he had carefully retrieved his cigar with the left hand, "that we have not got the right finish. Doyle was showing me some hats of Benton's when I was in the City yesterday, and they looked worth a pound a dozen more than ours. I wish I could find out the exact process he uses."

"Mr. Pratt to see you, sir." It was Minnie, Benn's typist, who spoke.

A plait salesman by profession, Percy Pratt was of the short and perky type with a partially bald head sparsely fringed with thin, sandy hair. What he lacked in inches he made up in self-assurance. He advanced boldly to the desk, and whipping the paper from the small parcel he was carrying, placed two slim pieces of undyed hemp plait before Amos.

"A nice line in Pedaline here, Mr. Benn. Take my advice and secure a few cases while the price is right. They tell me the market is rising rapidly."

"What IS the price?"

"Fifteen pence a piece. A thousand pieces to a case."

"Oh! And the market is going up is it? Now, look here, Percy, you ought to know better than try those old-soldier tricks on me. As a matter of fact, I have three thousand pieces in stock of the same brand that I will sell to you for one and two. Is it a deal?"

Percy Pratt laughed weakly. "You're joking, of course, Mr. Benn?" he said.

"Am I blazes! You try me and see whether I'm joking or not. This confounded High Gloss has knocked the trade sideways; the only orders we are getting these days are orders not to deliver." Then, struck by a sudden thought, "You know Benton's, of course?"

"I know Benton's? Why Mark Benton and myself are old friends; almost like brothers if I may say so. I do a big business with Mark Benton."

"Well, Benton has got out a new finish that puts a gloss on a hat like a thoroughbred's coat, and I want to know what it is and how it is done. Find out for me, and you can deliver a couple of cases of that Pedaline straight away. It'll be all the commission you are likely to earn this week if I know anything about the state of the trade."

The plait salesman's business morality was not of the high, finicky sort that would have been offended at such an outrageous suggestion; on the contrary he appeared quite pleased with the idea.

"If that's all you want to know, Mr. Benn, it will be easy," he said. "In fact you can count that Pedaline as already delivered." With a knowing wink he picked up his parcel, and tucking it under his arm, strutted away on his errand.

Amos strolled out on to the front step and cast a speculative eye up the main street on the off chance of spotting a stray buyer. In this he was unsuccessful; he did, however, attract the attention of a competitor who happened to be passing along the opposite pavement. With a cheery "'Morning, Amos," this gentleman immediately scurried across the road for a chat.

Andrew Bacon spent a large part of his life "chatting." Himself a "small" man with a perpetually tottering business, he was ever willing to place the store of secret information which rumour sent his questing way, at the disposal of his more successful rivals.

"You can take it from me, Amos," he said, "there's a fortune in furs, if you get in quick." He was referring to the hoods, made of pressed animal fur, from which the better class felt hats are made. He continued:

"I got the news—hot—in the City yesterday. I can't give you the name of the man who told me as that would be a breach of confidence, but if you knew who it was you would open your eyes a foot wide. He's a man who's closely in touch with the Government, and he told me, on the strict Q.T., that the Armaments Department have discovered a way of mixing fur with gun-cotton, or else they are using it for gas masks. He wasn't quite sure which. Anyway, they are buying up every ounce they can lay their hands on, and that means a shortage—naturally. You can bet the Government won't trouble about us manufacturers if they need the stuff for munitions."

Taking a cigar from his vest pocket, Amos bit off the end. "Look here, Andrew," he said, "I've been in the straw trade all my life, and my father before me, and the only time I've known a shortage of anything which lasted more than a fortnight, was during the war when everything was short. The Government can use fur to build battleships with for all I care. I wish they would, I've got two thousand dozen in stock I would like to sell 'em. Suit me better than making 'em into hats. It isn't a possible absence of fur hoods, but a certain presence of High Gloss, that's worrying me."

"I thought High Gloss straws were selling well?"

"That's just the trouble. They are, but I don't mind admitting that I can't get my finish right, and it's not often that Benn and Son are beaten at anything that concerns the making of a hat. Doing anything in that line yourself?"

"I did try High Gloss last year," continued Bacon, "but I was too early. The buyers wouldn't look at it. Which reminds me, I've got the very thing you want. I purchased a tin of stuff from a foreign traveller—Austrian, I think he was, or else Japanese—and the results were marvellous. I only did a few samples, so there is plenty left; if you like I will fetch it along and you can see for yourself."

"That's very kind of you," said Amos doubtfully; he was nervous of accepting even the smallest favour from Bacon, there was a hoodoo on the man.

"Not at all, not at all," insisted the other. "There's nothing I love more than doing a good turn to a friend. I'll slip back to the firm and get it immediately." Without waiting to hear more protest he turned quickly on his heel and hurried away.

Amos walked back into the showroom with a thoughtful frown on his face. "Just been chatting to 'Drew Bacon," he remarked to Phillip, who was busy packing a range of samples ready for the following day's journey.

(*continued on page* 30)

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STA·BLOND THE BLOND SHAMPOO

CONTINUING *High Pressure Business*

"What bee has the old fool got in his bonnet now?" Phillip did not even trouble to look up.

"He reckons he's got something that will put the best gloss on a straw that has ever been known. He's going to fetch the stuff along for us to try."

"He'll either not be able to find the tin or if he does, the stuff will be no good," grunted the younger man prophetically.

"Anyhow it won't hurt us to give it a trial," answered Benn. "We can only spoil a hat or two at the worst, and heaven knows we've spoiled a few experimenting, already. By the way, here is Andrew. . . . How d'ye do, 'Drew. See you've found the stuff all right." Amos glanced at a rather dilapidated looking tin can which Bacon carried under his arm.

"What's the name of it?" queried Phillip.

"That's the difficulty. Somehow or other the label has got rubbed off, and for the life of me I can't remember the people from whom I bought it."

"Then what good is it going to be to us even if it does work. One tin's no use."

"Oh, you should easily be able to find a way out of that. Get it analysed or something." The helpful one dismissed the subject with a cheery optimism which his listeners were far from sharing. "And now get me a hat and a block, and I'll show you how to use it."

With a pessimistic air Phillip produced a wooden block carved to the shape that was at present most fashionable; on this he fitted a soft, sewn straw hat of a brilliant green hue.

"There you are, Mr. Bacon," he said. "Now let's see the 'magic" work."

Importantly Bacon removed his coat and rolled snowy white shirt sleeves well over his elbows; with difficulty he unscrewed the cap of the tin and poured a small amount of brackish-looking liquid into a saucer; he then demanded, and obtained, a "hat brush"—in size and shape rather like the brush which painters use for varnishing doors.

"If I remember rightly, this should 'set' in a few moments and then it must be put into a hot pan and given plenty of pressure. The result will surprise you," he said.

"I'll bet it will," observed Phillip as he watched their benefactor industriously plaster the hat with his wonder preparation.

"Seems to be doing funny things to that hat," growled Benn, as he watched the vivid green colour change to a dirty grey tint.

"That's nothing to worry about," said Bacon. "It'll regain its original shade when it dries."

While they waited, Phillip picked up the tin and turned it over in his hands.

"Pity the label's missing," he said. "It's not going to be easy to find out how this stuff is made, even if it is a success." Then suddenly, "Why, there is a label. It's on the bottom of the tin!"

With some difficulty he deciphered the almost obliterated print. "FAST DRYING LIQUID CEMENT," he read. "You were right about the surprise, Mr. Bacon."

Bacon scratched his head in perplexity. "I know," he exclaimed at last, "I must have picked up the wrong tin."

"Of course you picked up the wrong tin," Amos shook his head sadly.

Five minutes later, tin can under arm, the profusely apologetic Bacon wandered mournfully away.

Hardly had the door swung closed behind him, when, from another direction, the partners found themselves confronted by the perky figure of Pratt, who, with typical nerviness, had taken advantage of the turned back of Minnie, to edge his way into the showroom.

"What do you want?" demanded the younger Benn rudely, for he was getting tired of outside assistance. "We've told you once that we do not require any Pedaline."

"Oh, yes you do, Mr. Phillip. You want two cases."

"Do you mean that you've discovered how to get that finish?" interposed Benn.

"Of course I have," said Percy smugly.

"As a matter of fact Benton was in London, but I know his works foreman, Charlie Herbert, very well indeed—he's in my Lodge—and I wormed the process out of him without letting him know what I was after." Pratt smirked artfully.

"What is the method?" Despite the fact that it was to their advantage, Phillip with difficulty kept the disgust from his tone.

"In the first place, what solution do you use?"

"Maspic."

"Well, you need to use Shelaco."

"Did Herbert tell you that?"

"No, there was some cans of the stuff being brought from the storeroom while I was in conversation with him, and I heard him tell one of the men that Benton himself had given instructions that that was the only solution they were to use for the future."

"I see." Phillip glanced at his father significantly. Before being pressed into shape, every hat must be impregnated with one or other of the many stiffening agents. The particular one to use had not been the least of their worries.

"Next," continued Pratt. "How much pressure do you give the hats, and do you use a hot pan?"

"About twenty pounds, and not too hot."

"That again is where you are wrong. The right way is to have the pan red hot, only give the hat five pounds pressure, and above all whatever you do don't leave it in the pan more than a few seconds." Herbert was very emphatic on that point.

The plait salesman was describing one of the most interesting processes connected with the making of ladies' hats. It is also the final process, whereby the rough sewn straw, or previously stretched felt, is placed into a steam-heated metal pan and subjected to hydraulic pressure varying from five to two hundred pounds, according to the nature of the material and the finish required. The trade term is "blocking" and the workmen engaged on it are called "blockers."

If Amos possessed any of his son's scruples regarding spies, he certainly did not show them, and Pratt not only walked out with the promised order for Pedaline plait, but also carried one of the senior partner's cigars in his vest pocket.

By one of those miracles that occasionally do happen, Phillip was not only the first to arrive on the following morning but had opened and dissected the post before the advent of the senior partner. He greeted his father's facetious congratulations with a wry smile.

"Not much in the mail to get up early for," he grumbled. "Doyle is returning those four-eight-nines, and Boyce writes that the range of samples we forwarded are not up to standard, so we lose his order. Then Garloyd and Co. are calling a meeting of creditors, and you know what that means."

"Any more good news?" questioned Amos bitterly.

"Only that wonderful finish that Percy Pratt told us about is no good, so we have let ourselves in for a parcel of Pedaline which we don't require, to no purpose."

"What's wrong with the finish?" asked the elder man.

"I would not say that it's no good exactly," Phillip corrected himself. "But it's precious little better than the old one. Sam's been trying it out, and if he can't make a job of it, nobody can."

"I'll go upstairs and have a look into the matter myself." Benn moved to the door.

Sam Tetering was a sour-grained, bad-tempered old man with few likes and many dislikes.

Although he was the father of numerous progeny, and three long-suffering wives had gone to prepare a specially warm reception for him in the world to come, it is certain that he had never really loved anybody or anything in a long and misspent life with the exception of his beautifully coloured Meerschaum pipe. On this he lavished all the affection that other men give to their families, or their gardens, or golf.

Despite his faults, Sam was a first-class hat blocker, and consequently had never been out of work in his life. His sensitive, heat-inured hands, shaped the steam-softened hats into their respective pans with the loving care of the artist, which, in his own sphere, Sam was. It was his proud boast that he had never spoiled a hat.

His pipe, however, was his fetish. He had been perfecting its colour for a generation, and it was rumoured among his workmates that he slept with it in his mouth. Certainly he had never been seen without it, and it remained between his lips all the while he worked, despite a big lettered notice just above his head, stating that smoking was strictly prohibited—a notice invariably disregarded in hat factories.

His right arm fully extended above his head, Sam was reaching to lift down a ceiling-high rod of hats from the bearers on which they had been drying overnight. In this position he was exposing the most vulnerable, from a ticklish standpoint, part of his body.

The temptation was too much for a saucy young factory lass who happened to be passing. In a mood of sudden mental aberration, for she should have known her man, she poked a bony finger hard under the blocker's armpit.

From fingers suddenly rendered nerveless, the heavy hat rod dropped to the floor with a crash, taking the loosely held pipe from Sam's mouth in its descent. With a tinkle, the pipe broke into many unmendable pieces.

For one horrific moment the bereaved man looked down with uncomprehending eyes at the poor broken thing that had been the love and pride of his life. Then, as full realisation came to him, he spoke.

"What the deuce is that?" exclaimed the startled Amos as Sam's preliminary remarks filtered, mercifully muffled, through the door he was approaching.

He hurried forward to investigate, but was almost knocked off his feet by the terrified rush of a white-faced girl fleeing blindly from the volcanic results of her escapade. In two long strides Amos was inside the blocking room.

The sight that met his eye was a remarkable one—nightmarish would perhaps be a better word. Slowly, laboriously, like some aged circus elephant, the blocker was jumping ponderously into the air, and coming down again with amazing exactitude, and both feet together, on the now powdered remains of what had once been the most beautifully coloured Meerschaum pipe in the town. All of which time Sam was swearing awful, comprehensive cuss words. A docker with a heavy case on his pet corn, could not have surpassed the performance in either range or effect.

"Sam!" expostulated Amos. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You nearly frightened that poor little girl to death."

"Frightened her!" bellowed Sam, stopping his acrobatics for a moment. "Frightened her! Where is she? Let me get hold of her and I'll tear her liver out and eat it raw. I'll . . ." Words failing him, here turned to his task of stamping into smaller particles what was already but powder.

Naturally an easy-going man, the manufacturer could be stern on occasion, especially where business was concerned. Coldly he pointed to the hydraulic blocking machine.

"I suppose you are too busy playing with that old clay pipe of yours to remember that you have left a hat in the machine?" he said sarcastically.

His nerve already badly shaken by his misfortune, Sam turned dazedly to the machine. The hat that should have been in and out of the red-hot pan in a matter of seconds, had been pressed—how long? Also the pressure gauge which should have registered no more than a paltry five pounds, was now, due to a faulty tap which always required watching, indicating a full fifty pounds of pressure, and creeping higher every moment.

With a gasp, the blocker threw himself on the machine. There was a swift manipulation of levers, and to the swirl of escaping water, the huge top chamber slowly rose.

Fearfully Sam removed the hat from the scorching hot pan. Followed a silence as master and man gazed with open mouths and unbelieving eyes.

"The perfect High Gloss at last," finally breathed Benn. "I might have known that an over-clever merchant like Pratt would get his leg pulled. *Heavy* pressure, and *plenty* of time in the pan. Exactly opposite to his information. Sam, I'll buy you a new Meerschaum."

"I'll never live long enough to colour it like the last," mourned Sam miserably.

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Beware of Falling Hair, Spreading Baldness or hair-killing Scurf or Dandruff. You can grow thick, strong, wavy hair, or be free from Scurf, like so many others.

Mr. M. J. Murphy writes: "*Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak, and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued, the hair is now thick and is a thick mass of waves, and is more healthy looking.*"

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Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It regrows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp and restoring its healthful circulation. Kotalko revives new and vigorous life and growth in the hair-roots.

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ADDRESS.....

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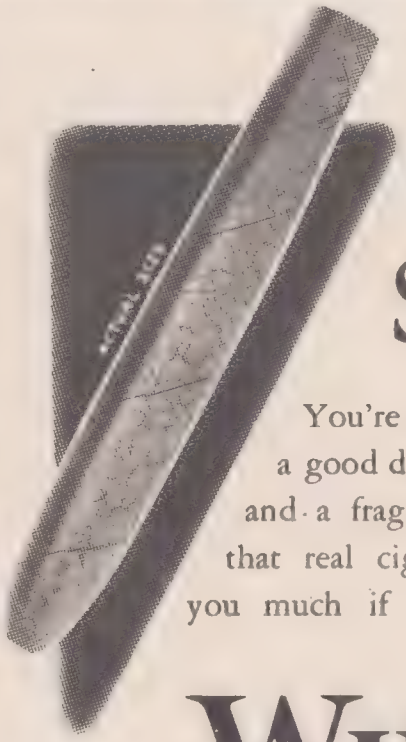
For Perfect Grooming and Hair Setting, try the delicately perfumed Kotalko Lustre. 1/6 single size, 3/6 triple size.



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WW 22

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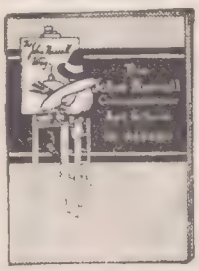

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Passing Show, Aug. 22, 1936. Age (if under 21).....

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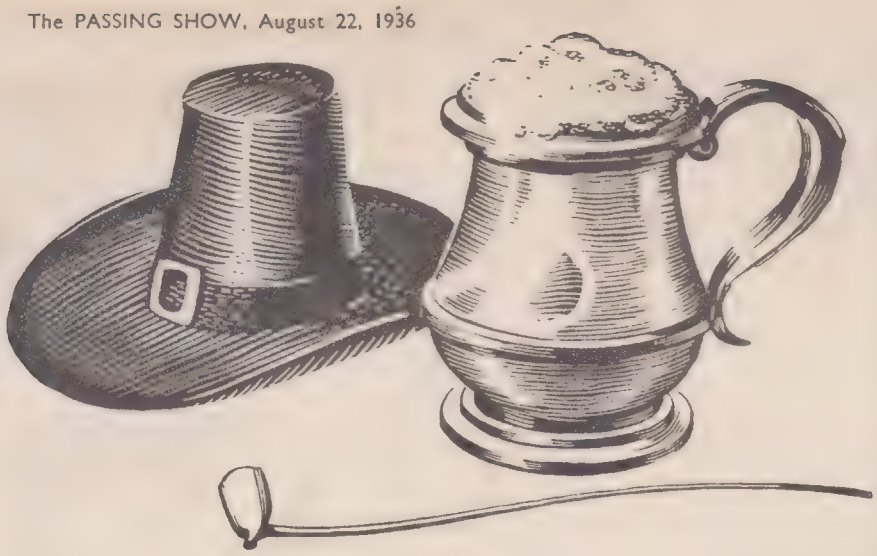

What our ancestors did by instinct and tradition

we have good reason to copy

BECAUSE WE KNOW WHY

beer is best

32 103

True Life STORIES

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

MAN

AFTER many years of residence abroad, a period in which I had amassed and lost more than one fortune, I found myself broke to the wide. A slump in shares on the London Stock Exchange had gone so far towards ruining me that I had been obliged to sell the good-will of the business I had been running at Penang, and this at a heavy loss.

True, I had only myself to consider, and the whole world was free to me, a battlefield out of which, if I faced things squarely, victory was still to be forced. I did not, however, see things from that point of view. Life in the tropics had sapped much of my vitality from me.

Anyhow, I had gone so far as to decide on leaving Penang. A business acquaintance of mine there had given me a letter of introduction to an Englishman in Canton whom he thought might be helpful to me. The same business acquaintance, who was connected with shipping, arranged a passage for me on an old sea tramp, the *So-Lung*, plying between Malaya and China.

She proved a boat without beauty or class. She meandered from port to port, picking up casual cargoes, so my friend told me, and belonged to a Chinese navigation company. However, her skipper was as British as his name, Brown. When I arrived on board and met him for the first time, I found him as unpicturesque as his name. A man of few words, and those not bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"Here's your cabin, mister," he said to me, introducing me to the slip of space which was to be my home till we reached China, and added: "It's the best we can do. The old *So-Lung* isn't what you'd call up to date. No hot and cold water and such like. However, you won't find our cook too bad."

And then, as he turned to leave me to the drabness of my surroundings, he remarked in his dull, apathetic voice:

"Maybe I ought to tell you that the last occupant of this cabin chucked himself overboard a week ago and caused me no end of trouble with the port authorities here at Penang. Which trouble is still going on, seeing he'd a bunch of money on him, which he'd pinched. Maybe he guessed the police would be after him, and he couldn't get away with it, and so put an end to himself. He ought to have had more consideration for the ship, that's what I say."

Closer acquaintance with Captain Brown explained away this curious attitude, less concerned with the deliberate loss of a man's life than the effect it might have on the ship he commanded. He was indeed so simple-minded, and so concerned over his ship, that really nothing else in the outside world mattered at all.

I found myself envying him that intense satisfaction, that deep-rooted love for something which—even though it did not actually belong to him, and he served it so conscientiously for a mere pittance—justified his existence, and in a way ennobled him. It made me, somehow, ashamed of my own defeatist attitude.

For, frankly, I had come aboard the *So-Lung* with so little hope for myself that I didn't much care what happened to me. At first, the skipper's story of the man who had thrown himself overboard made me ask myself if, after all, such an end would be better for me than to drag on in comparative poverty and definite uncertainty as to the future.

Easy, on a boat like this, to drop into the ocean and be lost for ever, I told myself. And probably the fact that nightly I slept in the same berth as had been occupied by my unfortunate predecessor had some mental effect on me. I tried to throw it off, but could not really do so. I was not helped in forgetting it, either, because the skipper—worried over this slight to his ship—would insist on talking about the man and what had happened to him.

It appeared that the man had come aboard at Macao in somewhat of a hurry, the skipper then and there feeling that there was something fishy about him, though not being particularly interested. It was not until, a couple of days at sea, a wireless message was received, describing the man and asking if he was on board, that the skipper's interest in him was sharpened.

He answered the radio, admitting to the description of his passenger, although it appeared he was travelling under another name, and asking what was the matter. He had no immediate reply to that, and meanwhile the *So-Lung* had run into a spell of foul weather. It was when this was at its height that the cook, a Chinaman, came running to report that he had seen the passenger throw himself overboard, but had personally been too far away to prevent the act.

"It may be," the skipper told me, "that he got to know about that wireless message—likely he overheard me talking with the mate as to what it meant—and he knew the game was up. How was I to guess he'd do a silly thing like drowning himself, I ask you? And yet the port authorities made out I ought to have kept a better eye on him—with the police on his trail, and all."

"Anyhow," I said, a little impatiently, "he found a quick way out of his difficulties, which was something. It might be better to drown than serve a long sentence, especially in this part of the world."

"It's a matter of choice," said the skipper, lumbering to his feet from the dinner table, and added: "Self-destruction's a heathenish practice, anyway. And, talking of heathen, I'm just going to give that Chink cook a yard or two of my tongue, mister. I told you, when you came aboard, that he was a good cook. This trip he's gone completely foul, and I'm letting him know it, too."

Personally, upset as I was over my own affairs, I hadn't been interested in the cooking. I had merely noticed the cook himself in a casual way, discovering him to be just the average, round-faced, eternally-smiling Chinese to whom you grow accustomed in the Far East.

I was aware, of course, that he had his eye on me, naturally looking to me to give him a healthy tip when the voyage was over. I had, however, no certainty that the voyage would end in such a way for me. The smooth, deep waters of the

OVERBOARD

ocean fascinated me more and more as the days passed.

Yet there was something about the skipper and his worship of his ship which held me back. I could not contemplate his state of mind if someone ran to report to him that a second passenger had sullied the good name of the *So-Lung*. Also, he had quite clearly grown to like me, as I had come to like him.

So we came off the island of Hai-nan, and my overwrought mind had become more rational. I had, in effect, decided that I had been a fool, and the skipper had been right when he said that self-destruction was heathenish. I made up my mind that, over dinner that evening, I would confide in him, feeling that the strength of the man's character would pull me finally together to face what might come of me in China.

At the time I was feeling this way, I'd left the deck for my cabin. I was not a little surprised to find the door of this open and the Chinese cook standing within by my berth. Immediately, on sight of me, he looked embarrassed, but his round face quickly spread itself into the shape of a smiling moon, so usual to him.

"Skipper tell find master, all for askee have whiskey-peg before chop-chop," he explained to me, as nearly as I can remember his pidgin-English, bowing and scraping a good deal.

It was not unusual, as a matter of fact, for the skipper to have the usual sundowner sent to my cabin before dinner. The Chinese acted as steward as well as cook. But somehow, as I had only a few minutes before left the skipper on the bridge, I had a feeling that the man was not telling the truth, merely in fact trying to explain away his presence in my cabin.

However, not sure of my ground, I thanked him, just saying I could do with a drink, and the door closed behind him. Instinct at once led me to examine the lock of my cabin trunk, in which I kept in paper money the few hundred dollars which were my sole capital. The lock, however, had not been tampered with, and, opening the trunk, I found my little store quite safe and sound where I had tucked it away.

Then, glancing round the cabin, I noticed that something was amiss with the wood panelling just over the shaving mirror. Examining this, I discovered that the panel was not only loose, but there was a little cavity behind it. And in this were pressed thick wads of paper money, both in British and Chinese currency.

Instinct again prompted me to remove this extraordinary find, hiding it away for the moment in my still open trunk, which I locked. I had scarcely done this when the Chinaman reappeared, all smiles, with whiskey bottle, soda, and ice on a tray.

I noticed that his gaze wandered craftily in the direction of the shaving mirror, and naturally also the disarrangement of the panelling above it. And I knew then only too well the reason behind his earlier presence in my cabin during my absence, the length of which he had clearly miscalculated. His face assumed a perfectly fiendish expression, and he uttered a little, half-choked exclamation, while his hands dropped the tray and drinks to the floor.

What prompted me, I can't say, but—I had once been an amateur boxer of some class—I shot out my right, catching him under the left jaw so heavily that he went down for what looked like a good long count, and then finding him still asleep.

● I shot out my right, catching him squarely on the left jaw.

Almost simultaneously, I heard the skipper's voice calling the cook in the passage outside. I opened up and beckoned the skipper in, explaining what had happened and showing him the money, as well as the little cavity in which I had found it. For a moment he looked puzzled and upset, but suddenly seemed to see daylight.

"I do believe, mister," he said to me, "that's the money yon suicide got away with from China. He had his money in paper wads like that, and so much of it that I advised him to leave it in my care, but he wouldn't. And you say our Chink cook knew where it was? Well——"

He got busy, for by now the Chinese was coming round, and was in a nasty mood. It was necessary for me to give him a good drubbing, for he had whipped out a little sort of knife and was making for me with it. Meantime the skipper had a couple of hands along, and they put paid to our Chinese.

That skipper was about the best judge, jury, and cross-examining counsel I have ever met in any court. He had the whole thing out of the Chinese, even though we went dinnerless that night. The man confessed that there had not indeed been any suicide. He, knowing that the crook had this money in his cabin, had pushed him overboard. Afterwards, knowing of the loose bit in the panelling above the shaving mirror, he had hidden the money there till the ship returned to China.

There, doubtless, he had intended to get ashore with it and disappear. He had not counted on a passenger using the cabin on the return voyage. Cupidity had tempted him, in my absence, to gloat over his loot, which anyhow he felt to be safe.

What happened to him after we put into port in China, I never knew nor cared. But the reward I received from the rightful owners of the stolen money set me on my feet again. What might have been a tragic journey for me turned out to be a very lucky voyage indeed.

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They will continue to enjoy the full protection of "The Passing Show's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift while away on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

Should an application for benefit arise, all that the reader will be asked to do, is to show that before leaving for his holiday, he instructed his newsagent to resume regular delivery of "The Passing Show" immediately on his return and that he bought "The Passing Show" while away.

If you have not taken the precaution to register, practice "Safety First" by signing the Registration forms on page 35 at once. One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

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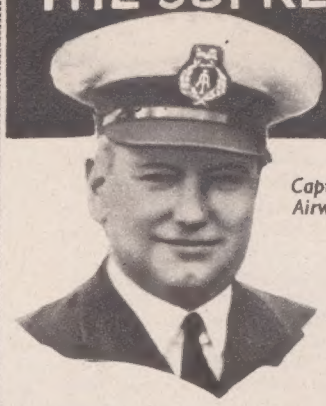

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● *Each snap entered must be accompanied by an empty ODOL Tooth Paste carton, 1 - size, or two 6d. size cartons. Two entries may be sent with a 1 9 size carton. All winning snaps become the property of Cranbux Ltd.; no snaps can be returned. Only amateurs may enter. Entries limited to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.*

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You don't know how good brushless shaving can be until you've tried Coro-Shave. Coro-Shave gives you a clean, close shave without "pull" or pain, and leaves the skin gloriously smooth and soft.

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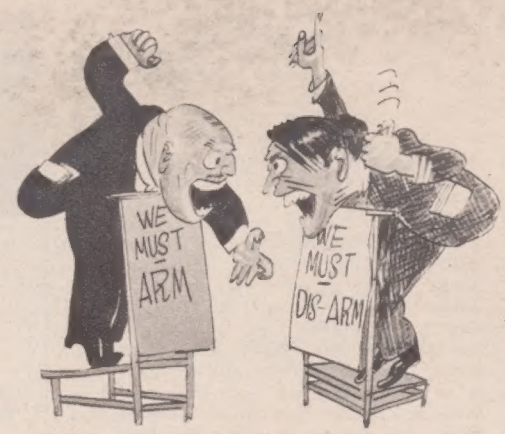


You're Telling Us!

AFTER THE MANNER of strong silent men, we are often embarrassed, indeed we even blush beneath our tan, when we read the sugared words of our more affectionate readers, so eager to declare their undying love that their billets d'amour sometimes verge on the unintelligible. But they inevitably finish with such a phrase as "Kertcha! Print that if you dare!"

They grope around in the darkness of their memories for fantastic, honeyed adjectives with which to inflate our pride; one of them, whose identity we must conceal to prevent his being torn to pieces by jealous rivals, even goes so far as to describe us as "an ungrateful, peevish, hard-hearted, slack, sarcastic crowd of pen-pushers." And there's a lot more, too, but our admirer had so much difficulty in keeping pen to paper when confronted with such noble thoughts that to unearth more of his libation of praise we would need the assistance of an official interpreter.

Of course, we are always gratified to hear from our devotees, even when they are convulsed with criticism, for it means that at least we have kept them out of mischief. They cannot be starting wars and missionary societies as long as they are looking for Uncle Joe's scalp.

IN THESE days, when the atmosphere is "horribly stuffed with epithets of war," it is not surprising that so many of our readers should indict those luckless men who seem either from conviction or force of circumstances to enjoy dancing dangerously on the cliffs of Hell. When we see them foaming and fretting and hurrying about their diplomatic missions with little to show for their work except a wrinkled brow, we think again of the canny little man who said, "war hath no fury like a non-combatant."

And, while the statesmen of the world are shaking warning fingers at each other, sharpening their swords in public places and climbing on to a soap-box in the market place to shout down the other fellow, the young people of their nations, the forgotten crowd that would be asked to do all the dirty work if their leaders' blathering caused trouble, seem to be perfectly happy in each other's company.

As a member of the Youth Hostel Association, Miss I. Batchelor says she has spent many jolly week-ends with young people from Germany, France, and Holland.

"I have discussed with them life, love, philosophy, sport and politics," she says, "and although their ideas on these subjects do not always coincide with my own, we manage to see each other's point of view without causing any ill-feeling.

"How often have I wondered when spending a week-end at one of these hostels what the wise men conferring at Geneva would say if they could but see German and French boys playing ping-pong, or English and German girls singing traditional songs to the twanging of a guitar played by a Dutchman.

. . .

"How they would gnash their teeth to see us getting on so well together, and how little they realise that this sort of thing is doing far more to create peace and international goodwill than all the conferences ever held in Europe."

SERVICE

on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

Tyrant against whom everybody plotted.

THEN MR. J. E. KITSON, of Stoke-on-Trent, comes "me crankin' in" with the belief that peace conferences should be held far from the roaring traffic's boom.

"When I see bombers flying over our homes," he says, "I feel that a more concrete foundation to peace would be laid if statesmen discussed their grievances in some quiet place in the country instead of in some palatial, stuffy office shaken with the throb of passing traffic."

Seized with an attack of cynicism, he adds, "the trouble would be that, if statesmen followed my suggestion, they would probably forget the peace talks and open a discussion on how many guns they could conceal in the woods, how many searchlights and anti-aircraft guns could be 'housed' there and how the rabbits could be used for feeding the gunners."

Mr. D. C. Copland, of Liverpool, believes in keeping the peace by pointing the biggest-gun-ever at the world and saying, "another move out of you and we'll blow the top off Mount Everest." He takes us to task for agreeing with one of our correspondents, Miss M. A. Bullous, a school-mistress, that it would be better to spend money on children instead of on battle-ships.

"Suppose these children lived in a school with Miss Bullous as their only guardian in a wild and lonely country infested by wolves," he says.

"One of the lessons taught in this school would be 'kindness to animals,' but I can guarantee that Miss Bullous would spend much of her time with a rifle improving her shooting. And at the risk of the children going hungry, she would devote some of her funds to buying a revolver and a case of ammunition so that attacking wolves might be shot dead before they reached the children.

"Incidentally, the ways of such children as Miss Bullous described are probably much more beautiful (yes, that's the right word) than the ways of many who can have all they want by whining. At the same time, one of the 'little ways' of the boys is to fight. Miss Bullous may not have seen this 'little way,' but they do it, nevertheless, when she's not looking. In these little wars who is the boy who enjoys the most peace? It is the boy who has an up-to-date, efficient 'army, navy and air force' in a pair of hefty fists within range of which no enemy is keen to come voluntarily."

Even in the classroom there was no peace when a bully ruled. His efficient fists were no guarantee that hostilities had ceased. He was merely a tyrant against whom everybody plotted.

ARMED PEACE is only a lull before the war; it is the time taken to find mother's rolling pin while the bully marches up and down the garden showing off his new catapult. We have no "abstract and friarly question" to raise; but it does seem silly that men should have spent centuries in developing their powers for the benefit of Armageddon, that they should have the impertinence to try to correct the blunders of nature when they still have the bickering mentality of lap-dogs.

While one man demands peace at any price and his neighbour believes only in peace enforced by a loaded gun, it needs some divine accident, some spark of genius to show us the way out. Even Prospero could not raise the winds of inspiration; how could the likes of us hope to? We must look to the statesmen with their highly lethal minds to clear away the web they have woven over the sky; they seem to have made a goblin out of the angel of peace; possibly they can turn Mars into a motor-salesman.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Solution Next Week

CLUES ACROSS

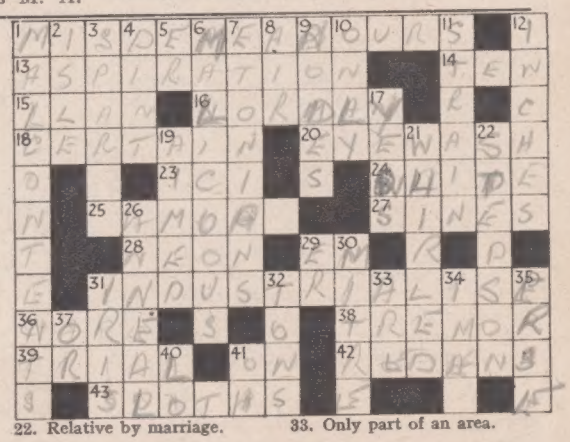
1. Some man is rude (anagram).
13. Earnest desire.
14. Take a number out of 18.
15. First syllable of Welsh tongue-twister.
16. Of noble bearing.
18. Not the shadow of a doubt.
20. Ocular bath which may not improve the vision.
23. Here if one speaks French.
24. As driven snow.
25. Is a man ancient ware? Here he may be.
27. Trigonometrical functions.
28. None in the lights.
29. Daily second half.
31. Make "Black Country" of Kent for instance.
36. A headland.
38. A shaking.
39. This test may be located in 31.
41. Article extracted from 42.
42. These are salient points.
43. Sluggards.

M	I	S	D	E	M	E	A	N	O	U	R	■	D	
E	S	T	I	M	A	B	L	E	■	R	E	G	A	L
R	O	A	N	■	P	O	T	T	A	G	E	■	N	
C	L	I	O	■	R	O	T	T	E	D	■	G		
H	A	N	S	O	M	■	S	E	T	■	S	T	E	M
A	T	■	A	G	E	D	■	D	A	M	■	■	R	E
N	E	B	U	L	A	R	■	I	■	A	M	O	S	
D	■	A	R	E	N	A	■	O	N	E	R	O	U	S
I	N	S	I	S	T	I	N	G	■	N	O	R	S	E
S	E	T	A	■	N	A	R	D	■	M	A	■	R	
E	D	E	N	■	E	S	P	E	C	I	A	L	■	

Solution to last week's puzzle

CLUES DOWN

1. They are dissatisfied.
2. Land is left here (hidden).
3. May lead to conflagration.
4. Mark left by a blow.
5. Stop-gap for halting speaker.
6. With evil intent.
7. In a stone are the public schoolboys.
8. Largely nitrogenous.
9. Knobs here.
10. Reference to others excluded.
11. Trains into race or stock.
12. Many in a mile.
17. Shady trees.
19. Something directed at something.
21. Round and round it went.
22. Relative by marriage.
26. To temper glass or metal.
29. Electoral reform (abbreviation).
30. Merit in headgear.
31. Centre of organ in 20.
32. Large measure.
33. Only part of an area.
34. Important Mohammedan.
35. Language in verse.
37. Heart of 36.
40. An ejaculation of surprise.
41. And this may be one of pleasure or pity.



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A15

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Names of Advertisers	*Pages*

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Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

22-8-36

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●

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Turn to page 23 and fill in the coupon for a

FREE

three-ounce tablet of

Homocea

BRAND OINTMENT

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.....

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PASSING SHOW

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To.....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve PASSING SHOW for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 22/8/36

CUT HERE

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I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of PASSING SHOW. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address..... .....
of Newsagent

.....

..... Date.....

Use halfpenny stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if halfpenny stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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(Please Print in Capital Letters)

ADDRESS .....

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Passing Show, 22/8/36 .....

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